

CANADA—LAND OF OPPORTUNITY

By the same author

INVEST ONE HUNDRED POUNDS
THE WAY TO FORTUNE

CANADA

LAND OF OPPORTUNITY

Edward Westropp

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Introduction

THERE are, I suppose, few more difficult jobs for an author to undertake than the writing of a book about a country other than his own.

His impressions are challenged by the native inhabitants, who are either cynically amused when he displays his ignorance or infuriated by criticisms which they consider very ill deserved.

I once came across a writer who published a book dealing with a country in which, to my knowledge, he had spent precisely one week. Curiously enough it was not only interesting but made sense, since in a lightning tour he had absorbed quite a remarkable amount of local colour and got the shades right.

Conversely, I have read books about places I know well which could not be more misleading, biased and wrongly emphasized, despite the fact that the authors had spent months or years studying the people and the political set-up.

In this book about Canada I have tried to steer a fairly straight course between wild enthusiasm on the one hand and too outspoken criticism on the other. Canada is a grand country full of the spirit of youth, and, like youth, perhaps a little raw at the edges but none the worse for that.

I once wrote in a newspaper article for the London *Sunday Express* that if I were twenty-one again, healthy and unmarried, I would emigrate to the Dominion ('faster than it takes a rocket to get off the launching pad at Cape Canaveral').

If any son of mine determined to make a living there I should expect him, if he had any ability whatsoever, not only to do well in the financial sense but

to enjoy a way of life which has, perhaps, more of the spice of adventure in it than you find today in most of the other so-called 'new' countries.

In trying to put down my feelings about Canada in a readable way and yet provide the hard facts on such subjects as prices, wages, jobs, taxation and all the hundred and one things a would-be settler needs to know, I was faced with the choice of either scattering the facts through the book or segregating them in special chapters at the end.

I chose the latter course because I have found that many books on this type of subject tend to become tediously heavy if a description of, say, a trip through the mountain scenery of the Rockies is interlarded with data concerning the local industries and the wage rates paid to waiters in Banff Springs.

My thanks are due to many people for their help in providing the information. I needed, and for the kindness and hospitality they showed me on my last visit to Canada in the autumn of 1958.

In particular I should like to mention the executives of the Shell Oil Company in Edmonton and Calgary for making possible my visit to the subarctic, to the Canadian Government for giving me permission to make use of information compiled by the Department of Citizenship and Immigration, to Dr. Bailey, Dean of Arts of New Brunswick University, and to Mr. Steve Anderson of Trans-Canada Air Lines.

I also gladly acknowledge the help afforded me by Professor Carl Wittke's book *A History of Canada*, by Mr. Ernest Watkins, whose brilliant *Prospect of Canada* is full of sound sense and enthusiasm for a country he admires so much, and by *The St. Lawrence Seaway*, published by Messrs. Reid and Boulton of Montreal.

CHAPTER ONE

The Challenge

EVERYBODY has a different mental picture of Canada. In my case it was imprinted on my mind at the age of five.

Round the end of my bed was a six-foot-high screen intended to keep draughts away from Westropp's tender head. It was my childish fancy to paste all manner of gaily coloured pieces of paper on this screen so that they would keep me amused when I woke up in the morning at an hour so indecently early that no adults would permit me to run screaming about the house.

Among glistening fairies taken from Christmas crackers and pictures of racehorses, Lloyd George, noted opera stars both male and female, motor-cars, gangsters and the Grand Fleet sailing out to do battle at Jutland, was one illustration to which, above all others, my infant eyes would immediately turn.

It showed a steam locomotive of prodigious size towing a train of freight cars through an idealized landscape of snow-capped mountains and blue, blue skies.

On a damp, dark November morning in Oxfordshire this enchanting vision of a distant land fired my imagination and when I was old enough to decipher

the caption which read 'A Canadian Pacific train westward bound for Vancouver' I determined that one day I would go to Canada and see this exciting country for myself.

Well, I have been there—twice, as a matter of fact—and nothing I have seen has affected my youthful enthusiasm for a moment. I have now watched at first hand a great train winding its way through the passes in the Rockies, and I am able to state that the size of the engine and the blueness of the sky and the grandeur of the mountains was in no way exaggerated in that forty-year-old hand-out I had pasted on my nursery screen.

I have stood on the hills overlooking Fredericton, New Brunswick, and thought to myself: 'Could anything be more peaceful, more beautiful than this scene with the little frame houses nestling among the gold-flaming maples and the sun glinting on the St. John River?'

And I have been hustled and bustled in the streets of Toronto and sat in the Commonwealth's biggest hotel and have felt a different sensation—a sensation not of peace but of restlessness, of a new pushing, thrustful land; not quite American, certainly not English, but possibly a mixture of Edinburgh and Detroit.

Canada is the land of opportunity, but almost equally the land of challenge. People in Britain and Holland and Germany think of going there to make their fortunes. It does not attract them as a welcoming, easy country. They know that there is nothing easy or cosy about it. They *believe* they can better themselves there. But they are under no illusions about the difficulties which will confront them and the

problem of finding the right city or province in which to settle.

It is a matter for probing and experiment—for taking jobs and abandoning them and for travelling endless miles until the promised land is reached.

Canadians feel this as well. They are constantly on the move, migrating westward and northward to the territories which man's ingenuity are not only making habitable but rich in promise and performance.

That is why this book is intended not only for European emigrants and business men, but for Canadians too, who may want to know a little more about their own country.

Canada is the great Dominion—great in size, great in prospects, great in unexplored wealth and, above all, great in opportunities. It is the bitter-sweet sub-continent.

One man will risk all to go to Canada and settle and bring up his family, and not only be proud of his achievement but make a resounding success of his adventure. Another will return to Britain cursing the day he got an assisted passage to Montreal. He will curse the climate and the people and the customs and the conditions of work.

You might be inclined, without knowing all the facts, to condemn the man who returned as an idle, self-confessed failure, whereas the successful settler is a fine, clean-living man who was bound from the very offset to do well.

You might be completely wrong. The man who succeeded could have done so primarily because his qualifications were in demand in some city or province at the moment when he arrived there, whereas the immigrant who failed found himself through no fault

of his own in the wrong place and the wrong trade at the wrong time.

That is why Canada is not only the land of opportunity but the land of challenge. It is so huge and so varied in its industries and living conditions that it would not only be foolhardy but quite irrational to make generalizations.

Not very long ago I was sitting over a Scotch and soda in the smoking-room of a club which reminded me of the Reform or Athenaeum. On the walls a collection of animal heads gazed down glassy-eyed at the somnolent inhabitants of the red leather arm-chairs, and a picture of the Queen in her coronation robes lent a nice touch of Old England to the scene.

Sitting next to me was my host—a broad-shouldered middle-aged man with greying hair, wearing a flannel suit and a Gunner tie. As he sucked at his pipe he looked like a solicitor who knew his law and served his clients well. And so he was.

He had a tale to tell: The club was not in London but in Calgary, Alberta. Within a couple of miles was the stockade in which the annual stampede is held, and strolling past the front door were oilmen and ranchers in five- and ten-gallon hats.

My host, Ernest Watkins, a fifty-five-year-old English solicitor and financial writer, had come to Canada—briefly, as he thought—to write a book about the country and get back to his desk in the *Economist* office.

Yet even before the book was finished the author became restless. He felt sure that in western Canada he could prosper—that there he could give his wife and young son a better life and make his name and fortune. As he said to me: 'In Britain there was a

ceiling on my earnings. I was cramped, restricted. But I was certain that in Alberta there was no limit.'

It takes a lot of courage to do what Ernest Watkins did. He knew that in Britain his livelihood was assured, although possibly not on a very luxurious scale. If he left he would not only have to throw up his job but uproot his family.

Mr. Watkins settled in Calgary in 1954. He passed the Canadian Bar examinations and set up in practice. Soon he was appointed one of the Crown prosecutors for Alberta. He stood for the provincial legislature as a Conservative and was elected. And, almost equally important, he put his name up for the highly exclusive Ranchman's Club in Calgary and was elected to that as well. It explains why he was able to give me lunch there.

Now he has a flourishing legal practice and fits so completely into the Canadian picture that nothing, I believe, would induce him to return to England unless he came back for a holiday.

Is Ernest Watkins the exception? Apparently his age and his settled environment in London militated so strongly against re-establishment in what is to some extent a 'foreign' land that one might be inclined to feel that, if he could prosper, young, eager technicians and artisans would find emigration what is commonly called a 'push-over'.

Yet any day when a ship homeward bound for England is leaving some Canadian port you could stand with notebook poised, interviewing one man after another who was fed up, disillusioned and down-cast. 'To hell with Canada,' they will tell you. 'Wherever we went we found a lack of jobs, lack of suitable accommodation and a filthy climate. Why,

we even saw notices outside factory gates proclaiming "No Englishmen wanted".'

Then, fully launched on their theme, they will lay on layer after layer of misery. 'The TV was terrible—all commercials. There were no pubs—just bottled beer dives you wouldn't take your worst enemy into. The cost of living was prohibitive—I should have had to find £4,000 to buy a shack if I had been fool enough to put the money up.'

So they rant on and go back to Blighty. They may be duds whom the Dominion is well rid of. Or they may be excellent people who should never have left good jobs in Britain in the first place. Or they may be people who were right to leave but never got a chance to be 'integrated' in a country which ultimately would have served them well and to which they could have given something.

This book is not intended to be a rosy picture of a distant paradise. It is an attempt to be down-to-earth about a very down-to-earth and very important part of the British Commonwealth.

One of the first facts to remember is that we live in the year 1959 and not 1859. To say this would seem to insult the intelligence of a child of nine. But history has a way of hanging around and befogging the view like a Thames Valley mist in November.

Canada is a country with an immense future; she has a fine sturdy people bent on developing her resources, and is determined to remain in the forefront of the nations.

But so is Britain. Every word in the preceding paragraph applies to her. Forget that Britain is 'old' and Canada is 'new'. Forget all the advertisements we are so fond of putting in American magazines to attract

tourists—depicting castles and bagpipers and moss-covered cottages and the Household Cavalry parading down the Mall.

Canada might just as well advertise in *our* magazines with drawings of Indians attacking seventeenth-century settlers and Wolfe storming the Heights of Abraham. Both countries have their histories and their heritage. Our history is, of course, by far the longer of the two, but that fact is completely irrelevant in modern conditions.

The real picture—the stark reality—is that Britain and Canada today are two industrial countries, both of which, by any standards, are highly prosperous, both of which have a wonderful future and both of which are exactly as old as the average age of their populations, which statistical analysis would show to be much the same.

To try to make what I mean abundantly clear, suppose that tomorrow some gigantic submarine upheaval shifted the British Isles bodily until they finished up against the coast of Nova Scotia. That would be a miraculous and, I fear, unlikely event, but consider the consequences.

Immediately there would be one land and one people, no long sea journey, no separate parliaments, no conflict of interests. Men and women who wished to work in the booming car factories of Coventry would be able to take a train from Toronto, and dissatisfied young doctors in Edinburgh could try their luck in Winnipeg or Regina.

Within a few months you would see such a churning up of the population—such a coming and going—as half a century of sea and air travel could not rival. For this is the tragedy of Britain and Canada today.

They are too far apart for each to assimilate properly the portions of their populations which are 'misplaced'.

It is no use pointing out that by jet aircraft Montreal is only eight hours from London, and that conversely—owing to a constant westerly wind over the Atlantic—London is only five hours from Montreal.

The cost of crossing from one to the other is still relatively so high that no free movement is possible. Emigrating to Canada is, for most people, a seemingly irrevocable step. Indeed, the cost barrier is such that a family, waiting in the lounge of London Airport for the loud-speaker to announce the departure of flight number so-and-so to Toronto and points west, feels as much on the brink of the unknown as did Irish emigrants embarking in a brig in Cork harbour a century ago.

Distance is still the barrier, and for that very reason many who might prosper in one or other of the two countries never have the chance of finding out whether they would or not. This applies to a lesser extent to business men as well. They think: 'My product might go down well if I could build a plant in Vancouver and get some active salesmen on the job. But is the cost of finding out worth while? It will set my company back a couple of thousand just to see what conditions are like there.'

So the business man sits back and lets slip what may be a valuable opportunity to turn himself into a millionaire.

These are the facts. You have to be sure. You need not necessarily be young and tough. You can be an Ernest Watkins who may, for all I know, be tough but is certainly not in the first bloom of youth.

But you must be sure. If you are certain that you or

your business could flourish in Canada, go there. Nothing should hold you back. If you are uncertain, and have a good job at home, stay there.

It is the purpose of this book to try to guide you—to set out the advantages and the pitfalls of a fascinating land.

CHAPTER TWO

The People

A TRAVELLING journalist has a most tremendous advantage when he goes to a new country. Directly he arrives in one of its big cities he goes straight to the telephone directory and scans its pages to find out if there is a local press club.

Should his search be rewarded he is on to a good thing. Hardly have the local journals gone to press than the bar of the club is filled with hard-working characters who not only have an almighty thirst but are willing to hold forth on any subject connected with their profession, home town, province and country. The visiting writer knows this well and, if he can curb an almost overwhelming inclination to out-talk his new friends, much valuable local colour can be absorbed.

It has been held by ill-informed people that newspaper men not only tend to be heartless and cynical but are unrepresentative of their fellow-citizens. This is nonsense. Somewhere in the background they have wives, children, hobbies and homes. They mow their lawns on Sundays, go to Rotary meetings if they are that way inclined, and in my experience are curiously sentimental and soft-hearted despite rough exteriors.

But from the point of view of the seeker after fact their principal asset is an encyclopaedic, if possibly

superficial knowledge of what goes on and what people are talking about. They are truly representative of the community—and good company to boot.

What then is the impression you get, both from Canadian journalists and from the ordinary man in the street? At first approach Canadians seem a little dour compared with their opposite numbers in London or New York. Underlying the nasal twang your ear can detect a Scottish or possibly Ulster brogue. There is nothing facetious about their humour. Their jokes are mainly directed at one another or concern the alleged disadvantages of living in Toronto, which is declared by people in every part of Canada, including Torontonians, to be the most soulless, money-grubbing town in the whole Dominion—largely, I think, without truth.

They will also take half-playful, half-serious cracks at their neighbours south of the border. Sample: 'I knew when I was on the American side of the river—the fish I caught had bigger mouths.'

You find too that above everything else their interests are mainly and quite remarkably parochial. If you attempt to talk about Britain you are met with various degrees of polite boredom. Somewhere in the pit of their stomachs they have a feeling for what they call 'The old country', but although it is deep-rooted it can only be stirred up by a Hitler or a Kaiser Wilhelm.

This term 'old country', however, applies to Britain as a whole and is not to be confused with a love of Scotland which burns bright in every Canadian home blessed with Scottish ancestry, of which there seem to be a considerable number. Not, mind you, that Canadian Scots have any particular desire to return and reside among the heather, but they do feel a

pride—a kind of homesick longing—which can only be appeased by bagpipes, kilts, Burns nights and Gaelic societies.

Quite typical, I thought, of this strangely intimate, yet remote, connection with Edinburgh and Dundee and Glasgow was a tongue-in-the-cheek advertisement inserted in an Ontario newspaper by one of the Presbyterian churches. It announced the arrival of a well-known preacher from Aberdeen and adjured 'All men and women who are united both in their love of Scotland and their determination never to go back and live there' to take this opportunity of listening to an eminent divine.

But the matter of loyalties is much more complicated than that. Because of the vast distances which divide Toronto from Winnipeg and Winnipeg from Vancouver, each centre of population is thrown back on its own resources, and is therefore rather naturally unexcited about what is happening in some city a thousand miles away.

In Calgary, for example, the talk is all of oil and natural gas and the price of cattle, and what the Prime Minister of Alberta is going to do about licensing laws, plus the inevitable domestic gossip. In Winnipeg wheat dominates the conversation and in Toronto the proximity of the United States border gives an American flavour to the proceedings.

The average Canadian is therefore concerned to a very much greater extent than Europeans with events in his own community and to a slightly lesser degree with what is happening in the province as a whole. In his mental interest list the Parliament House in Ottawa comes a bad third and everything else a very bad fourth.

There is nothing wrong about this. It is not caused by any deficiency in the Canadian character. Quite the contrary, in fact. The Canadian is a hard worker in a very big and only partially developed country. Geographically he tends to be isolated in islands of population, and in each island there is so much to do, so much to exploit, so much to improve that his attention is rightly concentrated on it. We are back again, in fact, to the remarks I made in the first chapter of this book about the difficulties presented by distance and expense to the free interchange of people and ideas.

To many a lumber-man in the Maritimes a city like Edmonton 2,500 miles away must seem as remote as the Maritimes themselves do to a mill worker in Lancashire. Generalizations are always fatal when you attempt to write of a nation as apart from individuals. To describe the 'average' Canadian is as impossible as describing the 'average' Britisher.

You can only get over-all impressions, and mine are of a great-hearted people who are slightly less forthcoming at first contact than Americans, but who have an underlying warmth which, when you get to know them, manifests itself in wonderful kindness and hospitality. They are relatively slow-moving folk, not to be rushed or pushed into some action they have not carefully thought over.

Since an ounce of hard facts is worth a million cubic feet of hot air it is notable that Trans-Canada Air Lines between 1951 and 1959 had only one major accident, involving the death of passengers, which could possibly be attributed to some fault or failure either of machines or personnel. And even in that case, lightning or a freak storm may have been the cause,

since no radio message was received from the pilot prior to the accident.

Even if T.C.A. was a moderate-sized company, operating a few airplanes, the record would be good. But the reality makes it magnificent. Trans-Canada is a Government concern which has a monopoly of all the east-west trans-continental routes, plus a network of lines which fly as far north as the Arctic and engage in what is commonly known as 'The milk run' to little isolated places possessed of a single street, a drug store, two neon advertising signs and a gravel air-strip.

Day in, day out, the turbo-prop Viscounts and the twin-engined North Stars operate in all seasons, carrying the farmers and the housewives and the business men and the goods of a nation which desperately needs fast, economical and safe transport over the long distances common in the Dominion.

These planes are treated like London buses by the Canadian people. I found, for example, that when my Viscount put down at Regina, the capital of Saskatchewan, it was instantly filled by enthusiastic sports fans who wanted to see the home team play Calgary 600 miles away and intended to be back in Regina in time for supper.

Every year Trans-Canada flies 40,000,000 miles on internal routes and carries around 2,500,000 passengers. Yet accidents, as I have already said, are so rare that going by road seems a hazardous enterprise by comparison.

You can give all sorts of reasons, such as regulations and good equipment, for this safety record, but I am absolutely convinced that the character of the Canadians is at the bottom of it all. They are *canny*.

I emphasize the word. They are as canny and cautious as Orangemen from Belfast. They leave nothing whatever to chance. The maintenance men working on the engines of an air-liner would never dream of giving them a clean certificate until they were sure beyond all reasonable doubt that they could go home in the evening with their consciences entirely clear.

And so it is with the pilots. They are just not interested in 'taking a chance' in bad weather which could possibly result in a bonfire for themselves and their passengers on a remote mountain-side. In reasonable, safe conditions they will fly and in unreasonable conditions they will not fly. And that is the end of the matter. If you think that this is a world-wide rule you would be wrong. I have had flights in Latin America which put me in such a dither that it took a couple of brandies to restore my nerves. But not in Canada. You feel safe when you enter the plane and perfectly composed—although possibly rather full of food—when you get out at your destination.

This caution is felt by everyone who visits or settles in the Dominion. It is the same in the railways and the steamship lines and it is tremendously apparent too on the highways.

If a sign on a broad road running dead straight to the horizon mile after mile across the prairies tells you to go 60 miles an hour in the day-time and 50 miles an hour at night, those are the limits you abide by. When you think that the average American mass-produced car can now do 90 and the slightly more expensive models well over 100, the temptation to bustle along a bit might seem irresistible, and certainly the British motorist who bursts into action when he occasionally gets the chance to speed on England's

crowded roads would be almost certain to put his foot down.

But not Canadians. By and large they obey the speed restrictions, and the reason they do so does not spring entirely from fear of the law. The knowledge that the police are patrolling the highways looking for offenders and have radar-operated traps on certain stretches would be a sufficient deterrent in many other countries. But the traffic code springs from the ballot box and is the popular expression of opinion of a whole people which likes to 'play it safe'. The Canadians, in fact, play everything safe and curiously enough tend to belittle their own achievements.

I am convinced that the average citizen of the English-speaking provinces still considers himself part of a country which has not yet grown up to its full stature in the world, whatever he may say in public on the subject, and he has a secret feeling that only by caution and thrift can Canada take her rightful place among the nations.

I have found this repeatedly when talking to Canadians, and when I told them that Canada now stood so proud and free that she was considered almost the only great country which could be relied on to act as a neutral, honest broker in international disputes, I do not think that my listeners believed a word of it.

So it is, however. Her caution has innumerable benefits. And by no means the least of these is sound money. It is no accident that for several years the Canadian dollar has stood at a premium over the United States equivalent. Inflation has been allowed to get out of hand in Washington since the war. The roaring stock-market boom which developed in the autumn of 1958 was a symptom of this lack of control.

At that time I talked to some of the top people in Wall Street one week and some of the top people in the Toronto stock market the next. And what a world of difference there was between the two.

The Americans seemed to have little faith in their own currency. They said that the only way to protect their savings against the eventual devaluation of the dollar was to buy ordinary shares in industrial companies which represented bricks and mortar and plant and machinery. 'Hell,' a banker said to me, 'if you people in Britain freed the £ it would go to \$4.00.'

In Toronto calm prevailed. There the market was trudging upwards in Wall Street's steps, but it was so far behind as to be almost out of sight and the future of the Canadian dollar was never mentioned because the gentry in Bay Street, where the financial tycoons have their offices, were so sure of its stability that it never occurred to them to probe the subject.

This soundness of money is of terrific importance to inhabitants, immigrants and overseas business men alike. It is the foundation on which everything else is built. It means that what you make you keep, and that what you plan today can be carried out tomorrow or next year or the year after.

CHAPTER THREE

The French

EVERYTHING I wrote in the last chapter applied to the 6,000,000 English-speaking men who represent one third of the total population—and by 'English-speaking' I mean not only the people of British descent but those immigrants from northern Europe who have settled in English-speaking provinces and are in the gradual process of changing over from their native tongues.

Two great Canadian groups, however, remain. One consists of the women and the other of the French Canadians. It might appear quite extraordinary to differentiate between the thinking habits of males and females in any of the countries of the Western world, but in this respect North America is a law unto itself.

Women in Canada and the United States are a powerful force and, for all I know, are heading fast for a revolution in which outraged husbands suddenly band together and decide one Saturday night to go home and give their better halves a piece of their minds.

In Canada men may work—and work very hard—but the women certainly do not weep. They are tougher than their husbands. They outlive them. They inherit the stocks and shares which their spouses have so carefully amassed and then, with poor hubby lovingly put away, they feel emancipated.

By Jove they do! It would bring a gleam of delight into the eyes of that great suffragette Sylvia Pankhurst if she could go to Toronto or Winnipeg today and see a group of Canadian ladies meeting in convention.

They are formidable beyond measure. Well groomed, well preserved, well dressed, they meet to put the world to rights and their menfolk firmly in their places. I talked to a woman lawyer from Detroit who was lecturing her Canadian sisters on the evils of drink. She wore a small pink top hat with a fetching eye veil, weighed, I would guess, around twelve stone and, like the Ancient Mariner, transfixed me with her eye while she told me about the wonderful work her society was doing in seeking to bring about a new wave of prohibition in the United States.

It is no joke, I can tell you. With the more puritanical church leaders in Canada the women have brought havoc to the licensing laws of the Dominion and, I timidly suggest, have thereby caused more drunkenness than you will ever see in a country which has a more liberal approach to the citizen who likes his pint when the sun is over the yard-arm.

To the visitor from overseas, and indeed to the Canadian moving around in his own country, the whole thing is inexplicable and quite childish. Just take the last journey I made which started in the Maritimes and finished in Alberta.

You arrive hot and dusty in Fredericton one Saturday evening and think you would like a cocktail before dinner. Certainly not, you are told. No public drinking is allowed in the province, and if you must drink it is necessary to go to a Government liquor store and then consume the whisky or gin in your home or hotel bedroom.

This seems a dreary prospect to one who finds little amusement in drinking spirits mixed with lukewarm tap-water out of a tooth mug. But it is better, you feel, than nothing at all. Then you find that the liquor store is closed and will not reopen until Monday.

At this point the stranger gives up. But not the experienced traveller. He makes a few discreet inquiries and in no time at all a very respectable-looking gentleman drives up to the hotel, sells him a bottle of Scotch for a dollar over the odds and says that he is always there to serve you. So in the Maritimes you must either go to the local store in permitted hours or the bootlegger out of them. You are never dry but merely exasperated.

Then you move on to Ontario. Here you are in a relatively civilized drinking atmosphere. Although it does not flaunt the facilities available, you will find the word 'lounge' listed among the public rooms on the notice-board in the entrance hall of the hotel.

This lounge is not intended for people who wish to write letters or go to sleep after lunch. It is nothing more nor less than a cocktail bar into which men may enter singly or in groups but not unescorted ladies. For them, segregated from contamination by the males, are separate dives.

In this atmosphere you expand, drink less and go to bed reasonably early. But as you move westward you are again in trouble. Saskatchewan, you find, gives a new twist to the screw: not quite as dry as New Brunswick, it is by no means as moist as Toronto.

There, in Regina, beer is best—but you have to take it in some of the most depressing holes in the ground ever entered by thirsty humanity. No daylight is allowed, no spiritous liquors can be sold. The walls

are yellow ochre or dark brown. The chairs are hard, the tables of scrubbed deal. The fluorescent lights beat remorselessly down on the brass spittoons. It is illegal to sit at a bar, so there is no bar.

In these surroundings, which approximate to a mongrel cross between the common room of a work-house and a hospital operating theatre, no good fellowship could exist for a moment. Nor does it. The drinkers swallow their export ales and hurry home to the bottle of whisky they have secreted in their dining-room sideboards.

On then to Alberta, where the women and the Puritans are in retreat. They have not fled but they have fallen back a pace. When I was there a cheerful sound of banging and sawing in the main hotels denoted the fact that permission had at last been given to serve drinks with meals, provided that the serving counter was so constructed as to be hidden behind potted plants and other artificial barriers in order not to offend the eyes of the teetotallers among the guests.

The effect of all this in the drier provinces is the reverse of beneficial. Every hotel bathroom door has a bottle opener screwed to it, and late at night, on high days and holidays, the upstairs corridors resound to the cries of young people who have decidedly got the party spirit.

My own belief is that matters will change for the better in the years ahead—just as they have in Ontario—and that gradually men will reassert their rights to live as they like and not have their habits regulated by meddlesome parsons and bodies of arrogant women.

Of course this is not intended to be an attack on

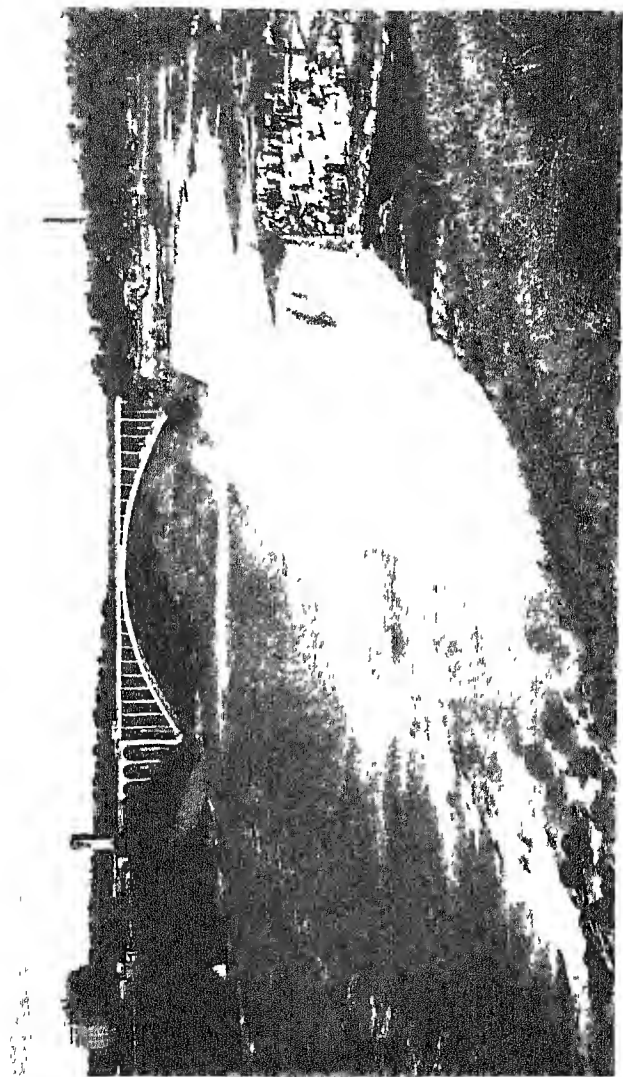
Canadian womanhood as a whole. It would be completely unfair, and indeed childish, to say that the majority bullied their menfolk and ruled their comings and goings. But the fact does remain that when one sex gets the temporary ascendancy—as men did in Victorian England—the stronger personalities of that sex will always act both independently and in the mass to curtail the rights of the other.

For the rest, Canadian women like household gadgets, are well educated—better, I would say, on the whole than their British equivalents—and take an active interest in a wide range of affairs. Certainly they work hard to keep their homes going because, except for the very well-to-do, help in the house is out of the question owing to its prohibitive expense.

In this respect Canadian wives are possibly only one degree better off than their opposite numbers in the United States and two degrees better off than New Zealand women, who long ago despaired of getting anybody to do anything for them in the kitchen. Which explains why one of the very first dish-washing machines in the world was invented and marketed by a firm in Auckland.

If the women of Canada deserve special mention and involve the author, rather unfortunately and inappropriately it might seem, in a disquisition on the subject of drink, the French-speaking Canadians are certainly entitled to a little probing.

There are 5,000,000 of these tough, stubborn people, most of whom live in Quebec Province. It has been said before and must be said again and again that in the long run they are probably the most important stabilizing factor in the Dominion today, and that, because of their fierce independence, Canada will



American Falls and Rainbow Bridge, Niagara Falls



Bonsecours market, Montreal, with Nelson's Monument in the background

remain within the Commonwealth and not become part of the United States.

I have been told, with what truth I do not know, that if a plebiscite were taken tomorrow among the English-speaking population one quarter would vote for union with America and in times of depression the percentage would be higher. But Quebec is an integral part of Canada and, whatever the Torontonians say about it, Montreal is the country's most important city.

The French Canadians not only talk French but look French. When you walk through the streets of Montreal—or rather those sections of it which are predominantly French-speaking—you are in no doubt whatever where your surroundings had their inspiration. This is not only due to the sight of Catholic priests hurrying about their duties or matronly women in their rather tight-fitting black dresses of the type so much favoured in metropolitan France. It is a kind of built-in atmosphere. It is an old, deeply established atmosphere as befits the oldest centre of European civilization in the whole of North America.

Just as the *émigré* English and Scots in Ontario and the western provinces have a deep-rooted sympathy with Britain and the British way of life, so French Canadians have a cultural link with France. But there the matter very definitely ends. They have no sympathy with France, the political entity. They feel abandoned by her. They recall after nearly two hundred years that when the British routed the soldiers of France and deprived her of the Canadian colonies the mother country wrote Quebec off as something lost and gone for ever.

In two world wars the inhabitants expressed their

lack of sentiment in the most practical way open to them. They resolutely refused to have conscription imposed upon their young men, despite the anguished cries of a motherland invaded in the first war and completely overrun and vanquished in the next.

Nor does the French Canadian love the British. He is indifferent to them. He likes the law and the constitution they brought to Canada and he likes the religious freedom they granted to him in the early years of colonial rule. But he will go no further.

What he actively dislikes and vividly remembers are the oppressive methods and deep-seated puritanism of his neighbours in the New England states and the narrow escape his ancestors had at the time of the American war of independence from being made subject to those stern, hard-living men with their hatred of the papacy and all it stood for.

This may all seem long ago—old, dead history of no significance in the middle of the twentieth century. But in Quebec it is as much alive as the memory of Cromwell is in Southern Ireland today.

The French Canadian therefore wants no active connection with France and still less with the United States. He looks at his fellow-countrymen, Protestants though they be, and finds them by far the least of many evils.

By force of circumstances he has become part of a great country and a great ideal and, however reluctant he might be to admit it, he is secretly proud of the fact. In national affairs he takes his proper place and produces sons whose voices are heard in the Parliament Buildings of Ottawa. He may be jealous of his provincial rights. He may at times be awkward and impractical, just as the so-called 'practical' French can

on occasion be more awkward and unpractical than any other nation in Europe. But he is, nevertheless, of tremendous value to the Dominion as a binding, cohesive force, parrying any and every attempt to whittle away its independence.

In all this the Church plays a part. Roman Catholicism has many voices. Its dogma may be rigid but its policy—the way it gets to grips with everyday problems—is extremely flexible.

A backward, agricultural country inhabited by more or less ignorant peasants hears one of the voices of Rome, the voice of a stern, yet loving parent who tells his simple children to get on with their jobs, accept his teaching without question and expect punishment and rewards according to their deserts.

Everywhere, of course, the Church keeps the main objective in sight—to save souls for God, to defeat the wiles of the heretic and, more recently, of the hated Communist.

In an industrialized, thriving and more or less sophisticated province like Quebec, Rome plays it differently but with equal effect to achieve these aims. Here the emphasis must be on labour relations, and since both the worker and his employer are often Catholics the situation can be tricky.

The local ecclesiastics, headed by their cardinal, have therefore set about controlling the aspirations of the unions on the one hand and damping down what they regard as undue exploitation of the workers on the other. They realize, with ample justification, that there is nothing the Communists like better than unrest in the factories and a feeling of injustice among the men and women who work in them. To prevent such unrest everything must be done to see that while

employers are able to make good profits their work-people get a fair crack of the whip. The Quebecquois are devout. They go to mass in their hundreds of thousands and because the Church has adapted herself to their particular needs she continues to get their very loyal support.

At the present time, somewhat to the consternation of the Protestant inhabitants of Montreal, she is also engaged, together with the Prime Minister of Quebec Province, Mr. Duplessis, in a clean-up campaign of this great city.

There is something quite humorous about this in view of the fact, as I have already pointed out, that the Protestant part of Canada is beginning to relax. Montreal until a year or so ago was a wide-open city. Bars going strong day and night were everywhere, and a certain street was given over to houses filled with gay young women of many nations always ready to provide a little love for a suitable reward.

Now the street is closed for this type of business and the girls are gone. That worries few and indeed pleases the vast majority. But more sinister, think the inhabitants, is the decision to close all licensed premises on Sundays and holy days. And since religious festivals are not infrequent, Montreal can be as dry as the Sahara on more occasions than the locals like to think about.

It has been said that Canadians, whether they be French-speaking Catholics, Protestants of British descent, or recent immigrants from Holland and Germany are social conformists.

I think this is probably true of most countries settled by Europeans within the last few centuries and it is certainly true of the United States. Britain is a land of individualists. If you move into a London street you

may never know the names of your neighbours, and if you go and live in a village the inhabitants will regard you as 'a foreigner' for years after your arrival.

In Canada and the United States there is none of this reserve. I well remember being sent to Washington at one stage in the Second World War and moving into a furnished house in a suburb near the Maryland border. Within five minutes of taking possession our neighbours were around. One presented my wife with a cake, another wanted to know if she could give a hand with the children, and a third offered to run any errands we needed. There was no end to their helpfulness and enthusiasm.

They did not even knock on the front door if it happened to stand open. They just put their heads inside the hall and shouted 'Hi-ya'. In a matter of hours we knew everybody within a couple of hundred yards and within a week everybody who lived in the street.

As ignorant English we were at first bewildered by this friendly and, at times, almost overwhelming intrusion into our privacy. Then, as matters settled down, we began to be accustomed to the new way of life and also to make some startling discoveries.

It is well known that whether you are the oldest inhabitant or the newest recruit to a British community nobody would dream of asking you how much you earned. That would be the worst of taste—the ultimate breach of good manners. Not so in the new world. Since I found it to be the custom I readily disclosed the size of my pay cheque, and was intrigued to find that everybody else in the road earned the same amount within a few hundred dollars a year.

If a neighbour was suddenly promoted to be vice-president of some local company he packed up and went off to a locality more commensurate with his new-found affluence. And conversely a neighbour who suffered a stroke of financial bad luck automatically demoted himself to a district where the houses were smaller and the rents lower.

This social division according to incomes has an interesting effect. It puts everybody in a given section of town more or less on the same footing so far as entertaining, hobbies and so-called 'culture' are concerned.

They all tend to do the same things in the same way—to give the same kind of parties, join the same kind of clubs and send their children to the same schools. In other words, they conform.

Whether or not this more or less forced conformity is a good thing I cannot say. But certainly you would feel completely isolated if you failed to get into the groove. A new arrival in a Canadian town knows this if he is already a Canadian and the immigrant will soon find it out. If you wish to get on with the neighbours and your wife wants to engage in the prescribed social activities, nothing is easier. You will be sucked painlessly into the endless round and never be left with time to sit twiddling your thumbs at home.

To generalize, Americans are less reserved and inhibited than Canadians because, one supposes, of the big admixture of dour Scottish blood the Canadians have. But the general principles of neighbourliness and conformity apply. The two nations may differ from one another radically in many particulars, but the community life of both is very similar.

A friend of mine who left England to settle in an

Ontario manufacturing town which possessed a branch factory of his British company told me that although the fixed routine of Canadian suburban life worried him very little, his wife found it unendurable at first. She gradually worked herself into a state of nerves and announced her intention of using her savings to buy a ticket home.

This went on for several months. On her black days she was always poring over timetables and steamship brochures. Then one morning the lady announced that she had spent her ticket money on a fur coat. More months passed by, and her husband was recalled to England for a business consultation and took his wife with him. A week in London was enough. Nothing, she declared, would induce her to live in Britain again. In other words, she had passed from rebellion to integration without realizing that the new country was claiming her and moulding her thoughts.

Canadians, like Americans, are gregarious. It is only necessary to have enough money to stay in 'convention' hotels to have ample proof of their tendencies in this direction. The convention habit is to be seen everywhere, but reaches its dizziest heights in two notable establishments.

One is the Royal York Hotel in Toronto and the other the Queen Elizabeth Hotel in Montreal. A fascinating battle has been going on between the two to assert their rights to be called 'the biggest hotel in the Commonwealth' and thereby be able to dine, wine and bed down more conventioners (if that is the correct term for them) than the other.

The Royal York is many, many years the older of the two. For a generation it proudly towered above its rivals—and above the city of Toronto. There it sat

grey and lumpy opposite the grey and lumpy Canadian Pacific Railway terminal—which is an appropriate position since the railway owns the hotel.

Then came the sad news that the rival Canadian National Railway was erecting in Montreal a monstrous place with 1,260 bedrooms next door to St. Patrick's Cathedral. Soon the Royal York was calling in the architects to plan extensions and now I am told that, when these are completed, it will have exactly six more bedrooms than the Queen Elizabeth.

Be that as it may, the convention hotels do not lack guests. Mixed with tourists and normal travellers, the conventioners are unmistakable. Each one carries a label on his lapel with his name and the title of the particular convention he is attending. The membership of these gatherings may be derived from one of a hundred different occupations. Towards the elevators in the lobby stream a mass of doctors or ice-cream merchants or wheat farmers from Winnipeg. The elevators swallow them up and convey them swiftly to a convention floor specially set aside to cater for grave conferences in the day-time and fraternal eating and drinking sessions in the evening.

There may be more than one convention going on simultaneously, but in hotels like the Royal York there is room for all, and indeed so completely are they absorbed that the ordinary guest sees and hears little of them. Whether or not this convention habit—or possibly mania—induced Canadian Pacific to build the sort of hotels it did or whether the existence of the hotels encouraged people to hold conventions it is impossible to say. But certainly few countries in the world have anything to compete with the edifices erected by this railway.

Most impressive of all is the Banff Springs Hotel in the Rockies which dates back to 1913. It is the sort of place that a Glasgow shipbuilder would have built in the Highlands of Scotland in the year 1880 if he had made a fortune so immense that he could have afforded to do so. It is French-Scottish-Victorian romanticism run wild. When standing on the drive looking up at the grim, dark, stone front topped with turrets and castellations and pitted with windows you wonder how many rooms are unaccounted for—whether in fact the builders ever kept account of what they did, and if they did, how they did it.

In the height of the season Banff Springs takes a staff of between 600 and 800 to run it, and from all over Canada university students move towards the hotel by road and rail and car to earn some money in the vacation as waiters and kitchen staff.

This hotel is, of course, an extreme example, but the lesser efforts like the Palliser in Calgary are still impressive in relation to the size of the cities they serve and all of them buzz with convention life. There is no doubt too that, conventions apart, they are good hotels. Better by far in comfort than the average English provincial effort and infinitely better in the matter of service than their American opposite numbers.

Not only do Canadians love getting together for business pow-wows but they take on average a very active interest in sport. Canadian football attracts a mass attendance just as soccer does in England and, with quite minor variations, the game played from Quebec to Vancouver is the same kind of armoured struggle that you can see at any American university. It is rough and tough and arouses great enthusiasm among the supporters.

So too does ice hockey at which Canadians excel, and in the winter there is splendid ski-ing in many parts of the Maritimes and Quebec. On top of that the Scottish game of curling is a universal favourite.

In summer if you want to make yourself really popular in Canada—and incidentally have an endless topic of conversation—it is an excellent idea to take up fishing. And by 'fishing' I do not mean that variety which consists of sitting humped up in an overcoat under a leaden sky by a leaden English river in the depths of winter armed with a thing like a bean pole and hurling in handfuls of maggots to attract what somebody once called 'spiritless and totally inedible fish'.

Fishing in Canada means trout and salmon. With fly and plug baits the addicts go forth in their tens of thousands in the right season of the year. In Quebec and British Columbia it is a paradise for those who love to stand by a mountain stream or lake in the daytime and tell whoppers about their adventures in the evening.

For a man or woman who comes from countries in which the available waters tend to be over-populated by anglers and under-populated by fish, the various varieties of Canadian trout from rainbow to speckled give wonderful sport.

And it can be cheap too. Americans who go fishing on the grand scale pay through the nose in Canada for guides and accommodation in so-called 'exclusive' hotels. But anybody who has a car and a tent can get away from the herd by a bit of hard driving and select one of thousands of lakes and streams to practise his skill in. The farther you go from civilization the easier it becomes to make a good catch until you arrive in

parts so distant that the trout have never seen a city gent armed with rod and line. Then the whole thing is so easy that it reminds me of a story told by one of the great fly fishermen of the Hampshire chalk streams.

He recalls that a certain angler died and woke up to find himself, rod in hand, beside a beautiful, clear river running through superb scenery. At his elbow was an obsequious ghillie and within easy casting distance a trout was rising which he calculated must weigh at least five pounds.

'This is heaven, all right,' thought the fisherman, and he knelt by the bank and neatly dropped his fly just above the rising fish. The trout took it, and after a little bit of pully-hauly it was netted by the ghillie and laid on the bank. Hardly had the fisherman knocked the trout on the head and prised the hook out of its jaw than he spotted another fish rising in exactly the same place.

He went to work again and in a few minutes an equally good specimen had joined the first. And again and again and again. Always a fish rose just where he wanted it. Always it took his fly and always the ghillie netted it.

For a time the fisherman was delighted. Even on his very best days on an earthly river in the height of the mayfly season nothing had ever happened like this, and he thought with sympathy of old friends who, unfortunately for them, were still alive struggling to get their two or three brace a day.

But after his twentieth catch the fisherman began to feel a little jaded by his success. Turning to the ghillie, he said: 'Let's have a rest, shall we?' 'I'm sorry, sir,' replied the assistant, 'but my instructions are to see you get good sport for all eternity.' 'But this is

hell,' bellowed the angler. 'You are quite right—get fishing,' said the ghillie, suddenly turning nasty. For the first time the poor exponent of the chalk streams noticed there was a touch of sulphur in the air.

I am not suggesting that fishing in Canada's remote places is reminiscent of a visit to the infernal regions, but I have seen eight trout caught almost simultaneously by lowering a line of baited hooks over the side of a boat, and in the Northwest Territories they are so abundant and so big that upwards of 4,000 tons a year are netted and shipped off to the Chicago and New York *markets from one lake alone.*

CHAPTER FOUR

The Opportunities

THE vast land of Canada lies empty, waiting. By European standards it is immense. From St. John's, Newfoundland, in the east to Vancouver in the west the distance is 3,000 miles. And from the roaring industrial city of Toronto in the south to the Arctic Ocean it stretches again for the better part of 1,200 miles.

Bigger than the United States, bigger than Brazil, its centres of population widely spaced, it houses a mere 17,000,000 people. Canada—the vacuum which will one day surely be filled. Canada—the tough problem which only tough enterprising men and women can solve.

On a superficial comparison Canada has made poor progress over the years in relation to that of the United States. Look at the map and you see the two countries side by side—both enormous, both on the same sub-continent and both apparently equally accessible. Yet the United States has 150,000,000 people and Canada little more than a tenth of that number.

Arm-chair critics in Britain with their wonderful flair for belittling the achievements of their own country have been known to declare that the growth of the United States has arisen partly because it threw off British rule, and that the link with the Crown—

first as a colony and then as a self-governing dominion—has hampered Canada, prevented the development of her industries, hindered immigration and frustrated and blighted all her efforts.

Of course this is nonsense. Britain never hampered Canada. She has sent some of her hardest Scottish, Northern Irish and English sons and daughters there over the centuries and backed up their pioneering efforts with a flood of capital. As a result Canadians, though few in numbers, have made a big impact on world affairs and have piled up a national wealth which has raised Canadian living standards to rank with those of the United States, Sweden and Britain.

The real reason for Canada's thinly spread population is the nature of the land itself. Until certain recent developments, which surely but slowly are changing both the present situation and the future prospects, it has been physically impossible for more than a few millions to earn a good living from the soil and industries of their country.

Take a look once more at a map, both of Canada and the States—not the map which shows the provinces but a physical map with contours and mountain ranges. The United States has its Middle West which contains much good farming land plus oil, plus minerals, plus industry. It is the throbbing heart of America. Canada has as its heart the Canadian shield which for two centuries has been regarded as the curse of the country. Out of a total land area of 3,851,000 square miles the shield takes up 2,500,000 square miles and consists of intractable bad lands difficult to farm and hard to cross, dividing the widely separated communities and apparently defying any effort at profitable exploitation.

Your relief map will show you that the shield begins in the east in upper Quebec Province, stretches westward for about 400 miles until it is interrupted by Hudson Bay, and then continues for another 1,000 miles through Manitoba and Saskatchewan to peter out near the foothills of the Rockies in Alberta.

That is the breadth of it. And in length it is almost as formidable. On a straight north-south line from Queen Maud Gulf in the Arctic it reaches down to within a short distance of Winnipeg, a total of 1,200 miles.

The shield is made up of a mass of pre-Cambrian rocks broken and battered down by millennia of storms and frost. It tilts northward so that the rain which falls upon it drains for the most part into the Hudson Bay and the Arctic Ocean. As you go from Montreal towards the Rockies, keeping within a few hundred miles of the United States border, it is easy to see why, until the last few years, settlers took one look at the shield and hurried elsewhere. The ground is littered with lakes and ponds, some no bigger than a tennis court, others miles long. And 'littered' is the only word for it. There are not hundreds but thousands of them held together by a skein of barren stony ground. Forests, watery swamps, stones—that is the outward and visible part of the shield and the complete answer to the invidious population comparison between Canada and her neighbour.

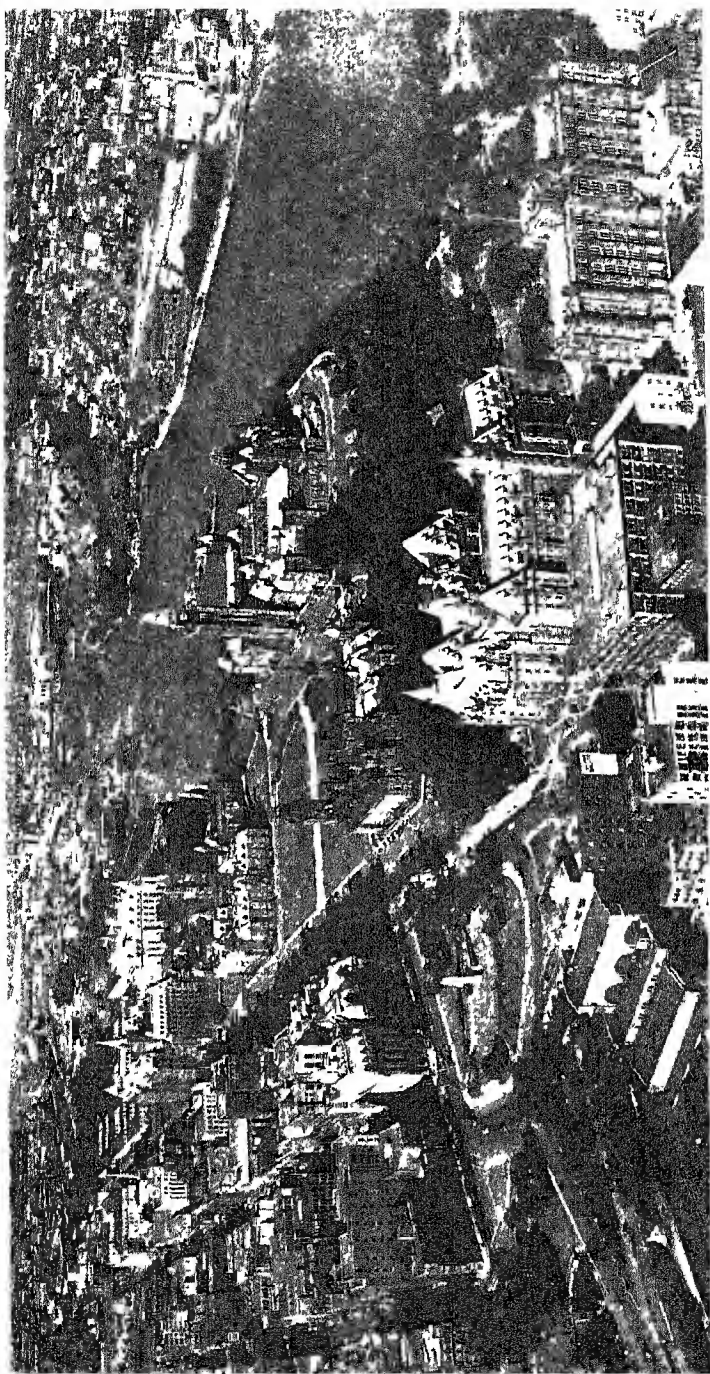
But modern motor and air transport are opening up the shield. Like all shields, it protects something, and what was Canada's curse will soon prove her blessing. Nowhere else, geologists are beginning to think, does so rich a mineral treasure lie than under this seemingly sterile land. Oil, natural gas, copper,

zinc, gold, iron ore, silver, are all there for the taking in superabundant quantities. And the indispensable accompaniment of mining—cheap power—is flowing to waste over a thousand waterfalls in a hundred rivers ready to be chained for the service of industry.

Only the problem of transportation remains. To build railways is costly, and roads, though cheaper, cannot meet the demand for economic bulk transport of mineral ores over long distances. But these are only short-term handicaps. With the growth of international demand for oil, gas and base metals and the gradual shortening of supplies from the older producing countries it will begin to pay to extract more of the wealth of the shield. At first in a small way and ultimately on a fabulous scale.

When that day comes the roads and the railways will push in and people will follow, building villages and cities in the wilderness and possibly doubling the population of Canada in a generation. When will this development start? Probably in the not very distant future. By 1957 tremendous developments were taking place in Canada's natural-gas and oil industries. Millions upon millions of dollars were being poured into Alberta by such concerns as Shell, British Petroleum and Imperial Oil for drilling programmes as far south as Calgary and as far north as the Yukon.

Despite the fact that the industrial recession which hit the United States in the autumn of 1957 created a temporary oil surplus all over the world and made Canadian crude relatively expensive in terms of Venezuelan and Middle East products, it is notable that the drilling and exploration has gone on without a break. The giants of the oil industry know that eventually they must turn to Canada for bulk supplies



The Photographic Society Corporation Ltd. (Toronto)

Ottawa, Canada's capital, a city of over 200,000 people.

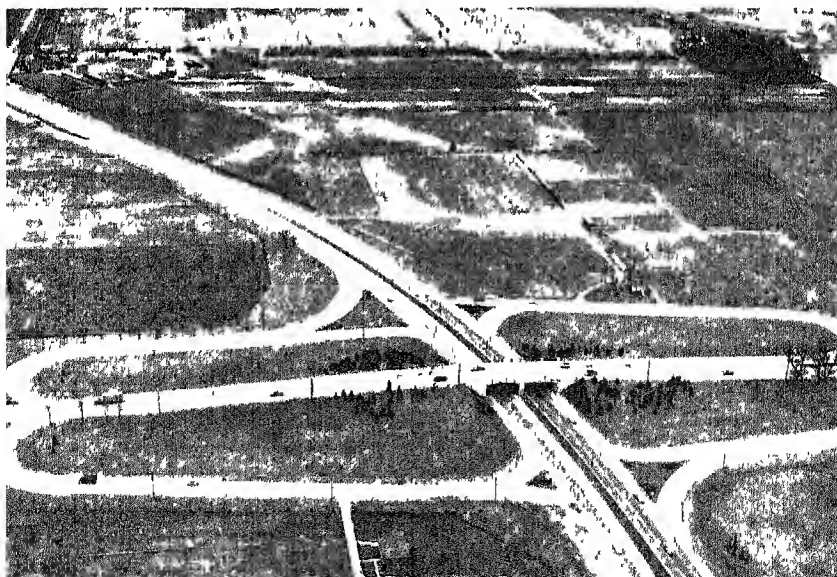


Photographic Surveys (Quebec)

(Above) Montreal, Canada's largest city (1,395,000) and largest inland port in the world.

(Below) Queen Elizabeth Way. A four-lane highway between Toronto and Niagara Falls. The photograph shows a 'clover-leaf' intersection.

The Photographic Survey Corporation Ltd. (Toronto)



and that these may one day constitute their biggest reserves.

To appreciate fully what this land of the Canadian shield is like it is necessary to travel across it by air and sense both its size and its loneliness. One morning in Edmonton just as the faintest glow of the sun was touching the clouds to the east I took off in a twin-engined Dakota owned by an oil company to fly to Hay River, on the edge of the Great Slave Lake, 600 miles to the north.

Sitting in the co-pilot's seat I watched the houses of the town disappear. After a few miles of cultivation the farms were replaced by the half-lit muskeg spreading endlessly away to the Arctic Circle. The muskeg is part of Canada—a big part. It is shallow swamp which only man's ingenuity and engineering effort can finally overcome. It is a kind of infernal legacy from the Ice Age restricting human progress and heartily cursed by the prospectors who wish to cross it in order to drill holes in what they believe to be the right places.

Tens of thousands of years ago the whole of Canada and much of the United States was covered with ice—a grinding sheet of ice so thick that its very weight made it plastic. Every winter it advanced, wearing down the hills, thawing out at its southern edges and driving the inhabitants of the north lands before it. That ice-cap has gone. Right up to the mouth of the Mackenzie River in the Beaufort Sea the land is clear from June to October. It is covered with trees and in the height of summer the temperature rises into the 80's. But just below the ground the Ice Age is still holding its own.

Even around Edmonton on a latitude level with Northern England you can find frost in August if you

dig a few feet into ground shaded from the sun. And as you go farther north the frost moves nearer the surface and goes deeper down. A man in charge of an oil rig told me that in one place near the Great Slave Lake his diamond drill had penetrated 1,350 feet before it broke through into unfrozen ground.

The result of this is unfortunate. When spring comes in the Northwest Territories the land thaws for two or three feet and the winter snows, turned into water, try to make their escape. A large part runs off the surface into the rivers, lakes and potholes which are strewn across the face of the muskeg, but the remainder saturates the thin layer of earth because there is no escape downward.

All this land—all these hundreds of thousands of square miles of forest and pasture—viewed from the air seem as solid as Berkshire. Then you try to walk across it. Down you go ankle-deep, or knee-deep or waist-deep in a trembling crust sufficient to maintain the weight of a plant or a mouse, but certainly not of a man.

I have been told by Indian trappers that from long experience they can tell at a glance where they can walk across the muskeg and where they will sink in. That helps them, but is a fat lot of use to the settler and immigrant. The ordinary tractor or truck is hopelessly stuck immediately it leaves a road. Only in winter has mechanized transport been able to move across the muskeg, although experiments are now being conducted with caterpillar vehicles whose tracks are so big in relation to the total weight they have to bear that each square inch carries a smaller burden than the sole of a child's foot.

I saw one of these remarkable new contraptions in

operation. It was a rip-roaring failure. Hidden in the muskeg are tree stumps preserved by the chemical properties of the semi-liquid soil. The mechanical giant went bravely along in the sludge until it landed on one of these iron-hard snags which promptly spiked it in the tummy, and left it struggling impotently in the forest until others of its kind arrived to drag it back to camp.

Of course there are solutions to the problems of the muskeg. Time is one. The perma frost is retreating northward a few feet every year as the current cycle of milder winters in our hemisphere gives the sun more chance during the summer to undo the work of the freezing winds which blow from November to April.

But that is a slow, chancy business. No one knows for certain whether the thawing process will continue, or for how long, and certainly to wait for thousands of years in the hope that a piece of fertile land the size of Europe can eventually be used for settlement is not in the nature of human beings in a world already overcrowded, already seeking avidly for new living spaces.

More practicable and immediate, but extremely costly, are drainage plans which will allow the water to run off in the spring and leave the muskeg firm and dry on top of its bed of ice. And since land is a better conductor of heat than water the midsummer sun beating down eighteen hours a day on muskeg that was moist but not waterlogged would gradually drive the perma frost deeper and deeper below the surface.

There is no doubt that man will conquer the northwest and open it up. Once it is drained it has terrific opportunities. As I flew over it the pilot pointed out islands of firm ground on which either the Canadian

Government or private individuals have started experimental farms, and I am told that, despite a short growing season, the crops have been exceptionally heavy.

One of the first really important moves in opening up the Northwest Territories is already in progress and another will follow directly world mineral prices stage a lasting recovery.

There is already a gravel road running due north, some 400 miles from the town of Peace River in Alberta to the settlement of Hay River on the edge of the Great Slave Lake, and this is being widened and resurfaced to make it the first heavy-duty road open in all seasons which can take a big volume of commercial truck traffic.

Hay River itself, which at one time consisted of little more than a Hudson's Bay Company's store surrounded by the huts of a few Indian trappers, is still not much to boast about, but it is growing fast. It even has one or two neon signs plus a filling station, an hotel and the other accoutrements of North American life. From there the gravel road runs still farther north, skirting the lake and finishing up 200 miles away at Yellowknife, deep in the shield country and as remote from civilization as you could wish for.

One road through one small western section of the wilderness may not seem very much; but from a single main trunk branches will sprout opening thousands of square miles on either side of the highway.

That is one development. The other is the projected railway to Pine Point, which lies 20 miles east of Hay River on the lake shore. The mineral rights are the property of the Consolidated Mining & Smelting Company, and under the boggy soil of the Point there

is known to be one of the biggest zinc deposits on earth. To have discovered these deposits and then to develop them, however, are two different things.

A mass of heavy mining equipment must be brought in and, when production starts, a railhead must be at hand to ship the ore to the smelters in the south. The present nearest railway terminal is only a short distance north of Edmonton, and it is reckoned that to push a line through the treacherous muskeg to Pine Point would cost a minimum of \$75 million. To do this the help of the Canadian Government is needed because not only is the cost too high for a single company to face but bitter experience has shown engineers that when they are negotiating country of this kind almost anything can happen—and usually it does.

When the Canadian Pacific was being pushed westward to link the two oceans problems arose which were never foreseen and only mastered at great cost. On a section of a couple of miles the track laid down invariably sagged so badly when the thaw came in the spring that it was unusable. The company tried everything. It poured in thousands of tons of ballast and cement and even went to the extent of filling old freight cars full of rocks and tipping them bodily into the morass where they rapidly disappeared. Finally, in desperation, the engineers built what amounted to a concrete bridge over the entire length of the section.

The Pine Point Railway is likely to present just such problems, but I think that within ten years it will nevertheless be built and that, quite apart from its use in opening up the zinc and copper deposits, it will have much the same stimulating effect as the highway

in bringing in new settlers and new industries to the north-west.

People who go to make their fortunes in the North must appreciate that, however much the transportation facilities may be improved and the land drained and industries established, the climate and the extremes of light and darkness will always make it a land apart.

The swing of the earth in its annual orbit round the sun has the most remarkable effect on the life of the inhabitants. At Great Bear Lake on the edge of the Arctic Circle the sun never sets on 21 June, and on 21 December there is not so much as a glimmer of light. Even farther south at Hay River for several weeks around midsummer there are fifteen to twenty-one hours of sunlight so that during the growing period crops such as oats and potatoes get as many units of heat as they would in Ontario or the wheat belt of the United States.

The inhabitants of the far north tell me that just as you get tired of the winter darkness lit only by the magnificent flickering panorama of the aurora borealis so in summer the never-setting sun throws out the ordinary routine of life to a quite surprising extent. You find yourself fishing at 3 a.m. and sleeping at lunch-time, and the perpetual daylight becomes as wearisome as the darkness of the winter.

The rest of Canada—the developed, populated area—is divided into four parts. In the east lie the Maritimes—New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, Newfoundland and Labrador.

From the mouth of the St. Lawrence River along the northern shores of the Great Lakes to the western end of Lake Superior stretch the industrial and

commercial towns of Canada—Quebec, Montreal, Toronto, Fort William and many others. That is the second section.

The third consists of the prairie provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, with Winnipeg, Regina and Edmonton as their capital cities.

Lastly, divided from the rest of Canada by the formidable chain of the Rockies, is British Columbia, which in climate and to some extent in the thinking habits of its people differs widely from the rest and is perhaps nearer to Britain in spirit, although farther away in distance than any other province in the Dominion.

I believe that if you asked the average educated man outside Canada to tell you where the Maritimes were placed he would make a guess that they lay far to the north-east of Quebec and Montreal. That is, of course, supposing that he had ever heard of them at all except possibly for Newfoundland, which is associated in most people's minds with cod-fishing and films showing schooners stuck in a fog as impenetrable as anything you find on a November evening in London.

In fact, the Maritimes are sandwiched between the New England states of Vermont, New Hampshire and Maine to the south and the vast sprawling shield country of Quebec Province.

Populated by hardy folk, largely of Scottish descent with an admixture of French-speaking people, the lack of natural resources makes them the poorest of the more settled areas of Canada.

There is timber in abundance, a considerable amount of coal and other minerals, forestry, farming and cod-fishing. When you have said that you have pretty well covered the lot.

Poorest of all is Newfoundland. Between the two world wars this most recent of all the Canadian provinces slowly slipped into bankruptcy. So badly was the fishing rewarded that a cash income of only \$300 a year was reckoned reasonable for a man who engaged in it, and families were forced to eke out the inadequate revenue from the cod with farming in a climate as bleak and inhospitable for eight months in the year as any to be found south of the Arctic.

Gradually the bankruptcy of Newfoundland slipped from the chronic to the acute stage, and in 1934 a Commission went to London for help from the British Government. For men whose descendants had safeguarded Newfoundland as a self-governing colony since 1855 this was a bad moment. After a Royal Commission had wrestled with the problem, aid was granted on condition that Newfoundland surrendered her independence and submitted to the rule of a committee made up of six members nominated by the Imperial Government and answering for their actions to the Dominions Office.

Like many other British compromises which everybody expects to go wrong from the outset, this rule by committee in fact saved Newfoundland's bacon, and the stimulus given by the Second World War to the island's forestry plus the employment created in setting up military bases turned the budget deficit into a budget surplus.

The long years of dependence on British guidance and help from the British taxpayers to the tune of around £4 million ended in 1949, when, after protracted negotiations, two referendums and much coming and going between the capital town of St. John's, Ottawa and London, Newfoundland was added

to the list of Canadian provinces. Now her future is assured. Efforts are being made to stabilize her economy by building up light industries and in times of dire need she can turn to the central government for assistance.

The other Maritime provinces, while relatively poor, have never faced the repeated financial crises of Newfoundland, but hard-working, reliable folk who live there have represented in the past fifty years a kind of reserve from which brains and talent can be drawn by the rest of Canada. Economic pressure to leave the homeland and seek fortunes elsewhere has depleted the Maritimes of some of her finest young men, and their migrations have carried them eastward across the ocean as well as westward to the industrial cities of Ontario and the farms of the prairies.

But if the citizens of the Maritimes tend to leave in their youth they come back when they have made their money. These provinces are pleasant, restful places—tree-covered, hilly, in parts like Scotland—they give an impression that they are shut off from the industrial turmoil which lies to the south of them. True, they have some industry of their own, but it is patchy, thinly spread and, where it occurs in towns like Monckton, does not greatly improve the scenery.

Certainly if you are thinking of going to Canada in order to make a better living the Maritimes have little appeal for you, but when you have settled down in Montreal or Regina or Saskatoon make a resolve that on your first long vacation you will go to see these little towns and villages slumbering in the sheltered river valleys.

CHAPTER FIVE

The Machine Age

IF he ignores the fact that much French is spoken in Quebec and that even in Ontario many notices are duplicated in the two languages, the first impact of industrial Canada on the stranger is purely American.

Here, in these two provinces, are all the outward trappings of modern American life. The highways are littered with used-car lots, motels and auto courts, huge neon signs, drug stores, super-markets and houses which are clearly mass-produced by the thousand. The whole produces a slightly desolate, untidy look which is not helped by festoons of power cables and drunken-looking telegraph poles common to the outskirts of every American city.

These outward and visible signs of a way of life are most noticeable of all in Toronto. This town of 1,400,000 people has been greatly slandered by Canadians who seldom have a good word for it, even if they happen to live there. They describe it as soulless, money-grubbing and dull. They deride the fact that it has the longest road in the world which, they allege, starts off in brick-built squalor and ends up in the wilderness 700 miles to the north.

Certainly Toronto is not a town which would make a visiting architect envious of his colleagues who designed its buildings. It is laid out in the rectangular

block-by-block plan adopted for most industrial towns on the North American continent, including the great city of New York, and its suburbs are classified by income groups, so that the houses—all so similar in each section—have a room more or less, depending on whether or not the owners are prosperous or are merely hoping to join the moneyed classes.

Personally, I find Toronto stimulating. I take the view that places devoted to industry and commerce incline to be rather graceless because the thoughts of the inhabitants tend towards money-making and not towards neatness of appearance and layout.

If you come from Britain and are familiar with Birmingham and Sheffield, Glasgow and Liverpool you would scarcely describe them as architectural dreams. Yet they are immensely alive. The people who live and work in them are a hundred times more vital than the inhabitants of some Cotswold village, dreaming their days away in picturesque cottages full of damp rot and deathwatch beetles.

So Toronto is alive. True, until a few years ago it was a 'hick town' in so far as civilized amenities were concerned. Apart from the monolithic Royal York Hotel there was only one decent restaurant and a couple of scruffy night clubs; but all that is now changed. You can eat well and enjoy life in Toronto when you have made your pile and scurry off in the summer to the Laurentians or Algonquin National Park or go south into the United States, just as your fancy dictates.

It is a workaday thriving city, just as Birmingham is workaday and humming with prosperous activity, and nobody should sneer at it for that reason. Moreover, it has many unique features.

I arrived there for the first time with a real bang. The airport bus was proceeding up the new expressway at about forty miles an hour while the passengers were either gazing at the view of Lake Ontario or asleep, depending on whether they had been to Toronto before. What the driver was doing no man can say, but there, bang in front of us, was a car stopped dead. It had presumably run out of gasoline.

Into the back of this streamlined product of Detroit we ran, and no jet aircraft ever took off faster than that sedan. It came to rest about 100 yards farther on, shortened by some six feet and with its two back wheels at right angles to the road.

For a few seconds there was a dreadful silence, broken only by the tinkle of falling glass from the headlights of the bus and the moving cries of a member of the inscrutable Chinese race who had finished up standing on his head.

Then the door of the battered motor-car opened, and leaving the middle-aged driver to his fate a glamorous blonde emerged and made off across the nearby park at a truly marvellous speed in view of the fact that she was wearing pin-heel shoes.

We saw no more of her, and the other bus passengers saw little more of me. Policemen in Canada and the United States are very keen on seizing hold of witnesses and detaining them for interminable questioning. As one of those who had been gazing at the prospect of the lake-side when the crash occurred, I felt I could contribute little to the subsequent investigations, so jumping smartly out while the screams of the Chinaman, who was more dazed than hurt, rose to a crescendo mixed with the wails of converging police

cars, I flagged down a cab and was borne away from the scene.

This story is not as pointless as you may think. In spite of the magnificent roads which Ontario has built to carry the citizens of Toronto in and out of their home town, the general prosperity is such that only if all goes well are they sufficient to cope with the immense volume of truck and car traffic which flows over them.

This minor incident in which nobody was in fact seriously injured resulted, I was told afterwards, in a traffic jam which extended without a break for nearly two miles.

Toronto is prosperous. Together with its rival, Montreal, it attracts the cash and the industrial brains of the sub-continent. And the centre of this prosperity is to be found in the thoroughfare which houses the Stock Exchange.

There have been sneers in the past—some of them deserved—about the ‘wolves’ of Bay Street. Certainly the shares of many dubious companies have been pushed there by city slickers and landed on an unsuspecting investing public in Britain, Canada and the States at abominably high prices. But these dubious characters represent only the tatty fringe of a really worth-while financial community.

In modern civilization the Stock Exchange is increasingly important. As people save money they wish to invest it wisely for their children and their old age, and in a go-ahead country like Canada the stock markets perform a service just as necessary as those of the super-markets and drug stores.

In this respect Toronto is not found lacking. Its Stock Exchange in Bay Street is the most modern,

mechanized institution of its kind in the world. Even New York seems out-dated by comparison, and yet the men who run the Toronto Exchange are dissatisfied with what they have and look forward to a new entirely electronic exchange, which could be contained in a room only 12 feet square.

Since almost everybody who lives in Canada, or who thinks of living there, will one day buy shares in the companies which are making the country great, a short description of how the stock market works and what the experts of Bay Street hope to do is worth a page or two in a book like this.

The price at which shares stand at any given moment is governed by the law of supply and demand. If it becomes known, for example, that Canadian Pacific Railway is encountering rising costs and a falling volume of traffic, more sellers than buyers will be about and the price of its shares will drop in consequence. It is the job of a stock market to bring buyers and sellers together in the most efficient way possible, and this is done in Toronto by dealers from the various brokers' firms who stand on the floor of the House and receive telephoned instructions from their offices.

The client rings the broker, the broker rings his dealer, the dealer buys or sells and details of his transaction are recorded electronically.

All the book-keeping involved in thousands of separate deals each day is handled by machines, and this mechanization is carried to a point where it is possible for a broker in his office to press a button, dial a code number and get an instant price for any share traded in the Exchange.

But all this is not good enough, Mr. Strathie, the chairman, told me. Despite all the equipment the

actual dealings still depend on human beings scurrying and shouting on the floor of the Exchange. Big manufacturers of computing equipment have therefore been asked to make a design study of a new kind of robot exchange.

Instead of dozens of dealers there will be one electronic brain housed in a dust-proof, air-conditioned, glass cabinet. From their offices all over Canada brokers could dial this machine with commands to buy and sell, and it would automatically 'marry' the orders and gradually raise or lower prices according to the volume of business and whether investors were getting in or getting out.

Already they are half-way to this project with a brain which can memorize as many as two million share transactions and produce information on demand. The day may not be far off when this dream comes to pass, and when it does investors will find their business conducted more swiftly and easily than ever before.

This kind of development is in tune with the urge for progress in modern Toronto. The industries round the city are growing fast. A drive down any of the main roads leading into the city shows how quickly this expansion is going on. Any British or American visitor feels at home at once. Names of famous companies from both countries, like Rolls-Royce and Dupont, are to be seen over the doors of big new factories, while purely Canadian enterprises are springing up everywhere.

It is the same in Montreal. These two cities with a combined population of around three millions now hold two-thirds as many people as the whole of Canada at the turn of the century, and in my view

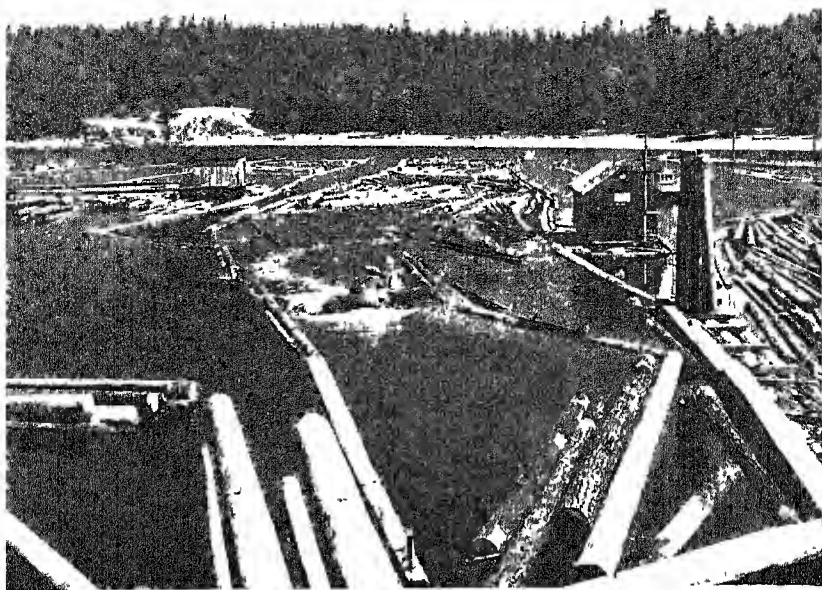
their growth will accelerate. Both are splendidly placed—Montreal on the St. Lawrence at the entrance to the new seaway leading to the Great Lakes, and Toronto next door to the roaring industrial heart of the United States with Buffalo, Detroit and Chicago all within 400 miles.

Together with their complex of heavy industries, factories for the production of consumer goods and network of railway lines and roads leading both to the west and the north-east they will become in time high up in the league table of the world's biggest cities.

And all about them other business communities are growing in wealth and population. There is Hamilton, for example, with its blast furnaces reddening the night sky for miles around, and London, where, apart from a university and a propensity for holding conventions, the inhabitants boast that there are more rich people per hundred than anywhere else in the Dominion.

If you look again at your map you will see that this stretch of industrial Canada has the most tortuous, rugged border in the whole world. Going westward from Montreal along the St. Lawrence you come first to Kingston at the head of Lake Ontario, and if you follow the shore of that lake you go through a succession of communities strung out like beads on a necklace until you reach Toronto itself.

From there the string of towns reaches far south on a peninsula sandwiched between Lake Erie to the south-east and Lake Huron to the north-west. The peninsula has its end at Windsor and just across the way is the city of Detroit. This piece of land is Canada's farthest excursion south and, indeed, penetrates right into the heart of America's heavy industrial belt.

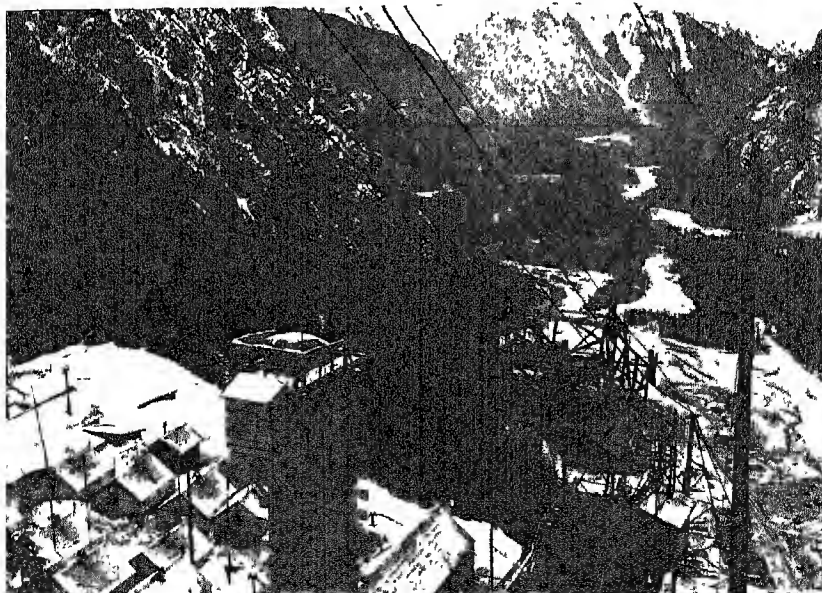


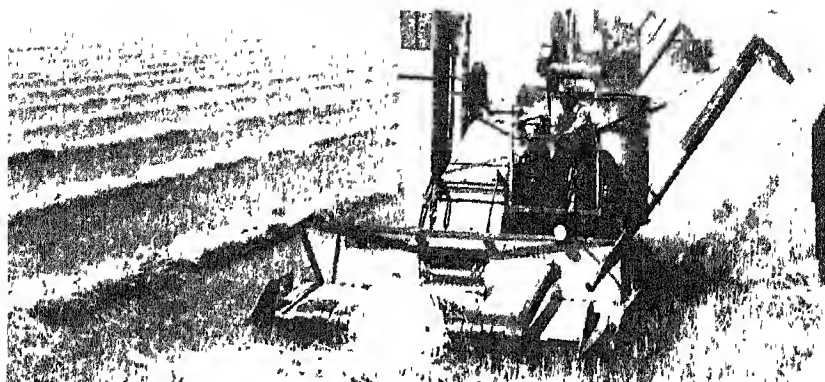
National Film Board

(Above) British Columbia—a boom boat clears logs from the 'bull-pen' so that another load can be transferred to the waters.

(Below) ALCAN—the Aluminium Company of Canada's British Columbia mining project. Photograph shows camp at 1600-foot level with skip on way up to 2600-foot level

Aluminium Company of Canada Ltd





National Film Board

(Above) Mechanized harvesting in the Canadian Prairies.

(Below) Ontario: These successful anglers are preparing a shore dinner after a day at the Lake of the Woods.

Canadian Travel Bureau



North-east of the peninsula as far as Hull and north-west as far as Sudbury, where the International Nickel Company has its famous mine, there is a block of land partly industrialized, partly given over to farming and forestry. Farther north again you get into typical shield country of lakes and rivers and marsh.

Unlike the more remote parts of the shield, however, that area of it not too distant from Toronto and Montreal is already being opened up. From places like Shawinigan in Quebec, water provides electricity on a big scale for the houses and factories of the populated areas. And it is cheap power too—so cheap in relation to coal and oil-produced electricity in Britain, that a Londoner would find if he moved that his quarterly bill had fallen by about four-fifths.

Just as Quebec is a French-speaking province with an admixture of 'foreigners', so Ontario, although basically an 'English' part of Canada, has a big population of non-British descent. Because it is highly industrialized there is a demand for skilled and semi-skilled factory hands which has been met in the past by importing workers from low living-standard areas all over Europe.

There are Croats and Hungarians and Ukrainians and Serbs and Estonians and Italians by the thousand—so many of them in fact that newspapers are published in the national tongues. In addition you come across Dutch and Germans and Norwegians and Swedes.

These people are hard-working, law-abiding folk, and the process of integration does not take long. In time it may produce a new race, just as the immigrants from central Europe in the last century fused with the Irish and British stock in the United States to produce

an outstandingly distinct type in speech, habits and appearance. Personally, I think it all to the good. New blood, provided it comes from hardy strains, never did any country harm. And so it will be with Canada.

Move on again westward from Ontario and you arrive in Manitoba, first of the prairie provinces. For mile after flat mile the prairies roll away to the western horizon, their black soil briefly softened by the green of grass in the spring and covered by a thin layer of snow in the winter.

Were it not for the ever-changing sky it would be a scene of almost unbearable monotony. Yet the prairies are rich. On any autumn day, when the harvest is safely gathered in, you have only to stand in the entrance hall of Winnipeg Airport to see the proof of this. Then the airlines are busy with direct flights to the palm-fringed beaches of Miami, and the wheat farmers and managers are their customers.

Another season of sowing and harvesting has come and gone, the bank balance has mounted and the thought of the long, dark, cold winter is too much for Farmer Joe and his family. So off they go, migrating to sunnier lands at by no means inconsiderable expense.

Wheat came to western Canada quite late in the development of the country. Not only was bulk transportation of crops to market an impossibility before the construction of railways but the climate seemed to make it impossible to grow them satisfactorily.

The citizens of Madrid are wont to say that their city has nine months of winter and three months of hell each year, and certainly the people who make their livelihood in the prairies could voice the same complaint.

In winter, temperatures drop far below zero for weeks on end and spring is delayed until April. When it comes the grass and the flowers, taking advantage of the moisture from the melted snow, burst up from the black earth, only to wilt under the fierce sun and drying winds of the summer.

Rainfall is low—as little as twelve inches in many places—and the summer hot, although it does not last long. To grow wheat successfully in such conditions a strain had to be found which could ripen in quick time and be reaped before the arrival of the first frost of autumn.

As the settlers of the last century moved westward from Ontario they brought with them seed of northern European stock, notably from Poland, where more or less the same weather conditions—although with a larger rainfall—were to be found. But this wheat was still on the slow side. Even a few days saved in the ripening process could make all the difference, and endless experiments were conducted in crossing the European strains with wheat from India. The results were excellent and the fortunes of the prairie farmers were made.

How important Canadian wheat is to the world is shown by the fact that in the post-war years an average crop produced over \$800 million, and that this total equalled the money raised from the annual sales of minerals and timber combined.

The prairies are big and so too are the individual farms. Although the average farm in Ontario is only 140 acres (which is comparable with many European countries), the average in Saskatchewan is 600 acres and in Alberta it is 580. Altogether the three provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta

have 126,000,000 acres under cultivation and in years of bumper harvests produce as much as 10 per cent of the world production of wheat.

From the earliest days in the prairies the Canadian farmer has gone in for mechanization to the fullest extent the technique of his time allowed. In recent years he has learned to run his land like a factory, with the aid of tractors, mowing machines, binders, combines and threshers.

All this means money—a big capital investment which quite clearly no new-comer could hope to make. Indeed the need for mechanization to cut costs has gradually brought about the amalgamation of small farms into bigger units, and this movement is going on all the time. In 1951, for instance, there were 623,000 farms in Canada, but this figure had shrunk to 575,000 in 1956, and there is no doubt that the prairies were responsible for most of this decrease.

You might imagine from the figures I have given you and the remarks about wealthy farmers flying off to the sunny south in winter that growing wheat in Canada was a consistently profitable way of making a living. In fact, it has been a quite remarkably hazardous occupation at times because, like every other commodity, wheat goes through periods of boom and periods of great slump.

Wheat is expensive to get to market (each bushel costs 46 cents to transport from Alberta to Britain via rail to Vancouver and thereafter in ocean-going freighters), and the farmer often feels cheated by the charges of the middle man. Moreover, fuel for his machines, wages for his men and losses through bad weather can easily mount up to a formidable bill when the selling price of wheat has slipped.

Very much the same can be said of cattle raising for which the prairie provinces—and particularly Alberta—are noted. An abundance of beef in the United States brings prices down with a crash, and conversely a sudden drought in the ranch lands of the Middle West can send the prices soaring in Calgary.

I shall have more to add about farming as a means of livelihood in this book in the chapters which deal with employment and wage rates. Suffice it to say at the moment that, whatever the experience of the past, there is great scope in the future. The population of the world is growing all the time and the older, more crowded, countries must turn increasingly to the food reservoirs like Canada for their meat and bread. Exactly the same remarks apply to the oil and natural-gas industries of the prairies which, as I noted earlier, have become major factors in the Albertan economy.

In Saskatchewan too the geologists believe that considerable reserves exist, and development and exploration is being pushed ahead. Indeed there is no reason to suppose that this province is poorer than Alberta in natural resources, but political and other considerations have slowed down the search and the outlay of capital.

The legislators of Regina have in the past taken the view that the first job of the inhabitants was to grow wheat, and since 60 per cent of the national crop comes from the province, their feelings on this subject were understandable.

Meeting with a certain amount of opposition from the politicians and little enthusiasm among the farmers who resented the thought of drilling rigs among their precious wheat, the oil prospectors moved on to Alberta and a more enthusiastic reception. But now

all this is changed. The oil men have stormed into Saskatchewan, the bore-holes are going down and the once frigid farmers are warming up as they think of the dollars the oil companies could put into their pockets.

Everything in Canada is subject to change, and it is my view that, next to the northern shield country, the life of the prairie provinces will alter more in the next generation than any other section of the Dominion.

Farming will flourish as never before and beside the grain elevators at the railroad stations the factories will start to grow up. Britain's whole industrial machine was built upon the abundance of coal. If you have cheap fuel in a politically stable land it is often cheaper to put up your plants adjacent to that fuel and import your raw materials than to take the oil or gas to established industrial cities many hundreds or even thousands of miles away.

So it will be in Alberta and Saskatchewan. The population which for many years has shown little growth (the numbers employed in farming have actually fallen over the past five years) will steam ahead, bringing increased prosperity to a region which at the moment has as few as one or two inhabitants per square mile in many areas compared with a national average of eight per square mile and a figure as high as 210 for the United Kingdom.

CHAPTER SIX

Through the Rockies

WESTWARDS from the prairies and through the Rockies we reach British Columbia.

You can see the Rockies standing in a long serrated line of peaks when you reach Calgary, forty miles away by road. Because they are young as mountains go, the rains of millions of years have not yet given them the rounded contours of older ranges, and peak after peak has the same clear-cut, almost pyramidal, form. They are none the less impressive in their way and make a magnificent playground for a people who take vacations seriously.

From the moment the long road enters the first tree-covered foothills there is plenty to look at. The first thing your driver points out are the shacks of the Indians, for in the beginnings of the Rockies are to be found the last remnants of the Redskins.

They are not, I fear, a very impressive spectacle, and your Canadian guide will almost certainly prove a little embarrassed when you press him on the subject. The truth of the matter is that the North American Indian has emerged very badly from his struggle with the white man and has shown none of the resilience of the black slaves who were imported from West Africa in the eighteenth century.

Throughout the United States negroes have established themselves, sometimes by aggressive tactics, sometimes by meek submission, but always with a tremendous will to live and with an ability to increase and multiply which to this day alarms their former masters.

In Canada the negro problem hardly arises at all. True, there is a moderate-sized coloured population in the big cities like Toronto and Montreal, but even there you see far fewer dark faces than you would today in Brixton or Notting Hill. And when you go farther west the African is entirely missing.

In both Canada and the United States, however, the Indian lingers painfully on—a standing reproach to a civilization which first moved into his homeland with gun and sword, then tried to keep him alive by the same kind of treatment meted out to the less dangerous animals in national parks.

The system of grants to Redskins who stay fixed in certain reserved areas has had a deplorable effect on morale. As you drive along the highway you can see at a glance that the noble Redskin of the films has gone for ever.

Ill educated, bored and disgruntled, the Indians tend a few cattle to eke out their dole and the height of their ambition seems to be the ownership of broken-down jalopies parked outside the tumbledown huts in which they live.

Years of a kind of sloppy muddled pampering allied with the outspoken belief that nothing can really be done to raise them up and make them hard-working, worth-while members of the community has almost completed the downfall of the slayers of the buffalo

herds and, as a natural accompaniment, of their descendants.

This situation does not apply only to the Indians in the reservations of the Rockies. Up in the north-west I came into active contact with the Cree tribe, who appear to me to have some admixture of Eskimo blood, for they are inclined to be squat, broad-shouldered people with rather flattened noses.

On and off a brave will work, provided the work is of a type he likes. Give him an axe and he will chop trees down all day long, laughing and singing happily the while. But directly he is asked to help build a house or give a hand in a store he wanders off in disgust.

His real pleasure, it must sadly be confessed, is found in the bottle. Until very recent times the authorities of the territories forbade the sale of alcohol to Indians. They were thus forced to use what ingenuity was left to them in brewing up dubious compounds of their own. Now the ban has been lifted and the results in terms of drunkenness are even more deplorable than the imposition and subsequent lifting of prohibition in the United States.

To see is to believe, and I sat in the saloon to watch what went on. Directly an Indian had earned a dollar or two in some casual work and had been paid he hurried in to join his friends, who were more, or considerably less, sober, depending on how long they had been there. Their conversation was distinctly limited and was mostly confined to shouts directed at the barman such as 'I got dollar; you bring beer'.

Round the edge of the saloon door peered the squaws, who well knew that by the time hubby came out he would not only be a couple over the eight but

penniless to boot. They addressed their husbands in anything but terms of endearment as they watched one glass of liquor after another disappear.

While the morning—for this was only 11 a.m.—wore on the scene became gradually more Hogarthian. One Indian fell to the floor, another invented the jolly game of taking up his empty bottles and tossing them over his shoulder in the hope, no doubt, that they would hit one of his fellow-drinkers on the head. In fact, the third time he did it the missile whistled past me with a couple of inches to spare, and I thought it time to leave.

Such scenes can be amusing at times, but I found this one both humourless and rather saddening. What can be done at this stage to put Canada's Indians back on the map is hard to say. Possibly the efforts now being made to raise their standard of education will pay off, possibly it is already too late. Politically and economically the Indians are of no consequence to anybody in the Dominion, but Canadians are people with a deep sense of responsibility and there is no doubt that today the Indians rest more heavily on the national conscience than their numbers would appear to warrant.

This digression has left us still in the foothills of the Rockies among the huts and herds of the original inhabitants. But, a mere ten miles farther on, the hills turn into great mountains towering 10,000 feet above the plain. And there across the road is a gateway with a notice announcing that you are about to enter Banff National Park.

As you slow to a halt an official pops his head out of a wicket and inquires politely whether you are carrying any cats, dogs or guns. If the answer is in the

negative you proceed on your way into some of the grandest scenery in Canada.

Rushing burns, magnificent ski slopes complete with lifts *à la* Switzerland, precipices to which the trees miraculously cling, although there seems no soil to cling to, and then, bang in the middle of one of the finest stretches of all is a great cement works pouring out a cloud of smoke which hangs white and motionless against the vivid blue sky.

Onwards to Banff; its hotel has already been mentioned as one of the wonders of the western world, both for size and the astounding tastelessness of its architecture.

Banff is the holiday centre of the Rockies. It has everything, and among its assests are the famous springs which brought about its existence, just as the springs of Bath turned that city into Britain's foremost holiday resort for the ancient Romans.

Banff springs are sulphurous and foul-tasting and the water pours out of the rocks at a temperature, I believe, of 140 degrees F. Whether people still drink it in any quantity I cannot say, but they certainly swim in it. Even in the depths of winter when the air temperature is 20 degrees F. below zero the local youngsters rush across the few yards separating the centrally heated changing-rooms and the subterraneously heated pool, plunging in through clouds of steam before they freeze to death.

There is also a plentiful supply of wild animals. While I was having dinner in one of the better hotels an appalling noise broke out in the kitchen. The diners, in great alarm, rushed to the aid of the cook, and there we found a brown bear looking for food, pulling out one drawer after another and hurling the contents—mostly crockery and cutlery—on to the

floor. Somebody hit it with a broom and it soon disappeared into the night. If you think we were being unkind to a harmless animal you would be wrong. Only eighteen months ago one of these dear, cuddly little animals in Banff National Park seized a small girl in its jaws and shook her to death. There were also elks who were busy eating the grass on the golf-course greens and seemed unmoved by the loud cries of the keepers.

On you go again, westward through the mountains from Banff, and as you travel over the passes there comes a certain sense of anticlimax.

The Rockies go on being rocky, but unfortunately they are all the same—the same rather harsh outlines, the same conifers growing to a certain height, the same glaring white summits.

Someone once wrote of them that they 'go on too long', and with that verdict I agree. Older, more weathered mountains have many shapes and many colours. In the Highlands of Scotland, for instance, you will see a greater variety of scenery in a ten-mile drive from Invergary than you come across in a hundred miles of Canada's playground.

Moreover, although the Rockies are high, their heights appear much less than they are because, even in Calgary, you are already at 3,000 feet, and by the time you get to Banff the 'floor' has gone up to 4,500 feet. Magnificent but monotonous would be my summary.

When you finally emerge from this rather wearisome scenic treat you are in British Columbia and another world.

Of all Canada this is the only province settled from the west, whose first inhabitants landed on Vancouver

Island, crossed to the mainland and spread south and north and east.

Until 1885, when the Canadian Pacific Railway drove its single-line track through the Rockies to link the two oceans, British Columbia was effectively separated from the rest of Canada—an independent, very English community living in an un-Canadian climate.

As long ago as 1790 Spain reached agreement with Britain whereby she cleared out of her base on Vancouver Island and ceded her rights over the Pacific coast from California in the south to Alaska—which was then Russian owned—in the north. The population of the province, which had started life as two colonies—one on Vancouver Island and the other on the mainland—grew slowly at first. It was made up partly of men attracted by the gold of the Fraser River, partly of fur trappers and traders, and in the long run by a stable community of farmers, lumber-men and people interested in the salmon canning industry.

As recently as 1930 there were only 600,000 people in the entire province, but that figure has more than doubled and is likely to double again in the next quarter of a century.

With none of the monotony of the main chain of the Rockies which shield it from the east, British Columbia is a superb country. Tumbling rivers brawling their way to the Pacific like the Columbia and the Fraser, magnificent farm lands, unsurpassed timber, beautiful lakes—you could go on for hours extolling its virtues. And on top of all that the climate is mild and relaxing compared with the great extremes of heat and cold experienced on the prairies and in Ontario and Quebec.

Possibly it is more like New Zealand than any other land, and indeed a resemblance in the habits of the two peoples has been noticed by travellers familiar with both.

Timber is undoubtedly the mainstay of the province. In the equable climate of the coast the great Douglas firs grow as high as 200 feet with trunks 11 and 12 feet thick at the base. Farther inland at higher altitudes and under rather more harsh conditions huge stands of cedars and firs wait for the attentions of the lumbermen.

There is water transport to hand, and down the rivers go huge rafts of trees to the sawmills in the lower reaches, where they are cut into planks and boards.

Just along the coast is the United States, and it is there that the bulk of British Columbia's timber is sold, either rough cut or in the form of furniture and doors and window-frames. Water transport, both by river and sea, has made this trade possible on the biggest scale and water power is also helping to make the province rich.

To smelt aluminium, fantastic quantities of electricity are required. The production of a single ton of metal ingots requires 20,000 units of current—sufficient to keep 10,000 household electric fires glowing for an hour. For that reason the Aluminium Company of Canada turned its attention a few years back to the possibility of utilizing the huge reserve of water trapped in the mountains of British Columbia and decided to build a reduction plant on an inlet of the Pacific at Kitimat, about 300 miles north of Vancouver Island.

The project was a fantastic one, not only in expense

but in the engineering problems which had to be overcome. Kitimat lies at the head of a 70-mile-long fjord and is backed by mountains rising to 9,000 feet. Among these inlets are many lakes and linking them is the Nechako River, which eventually discharges its water into the Fraser.

The engineers perceived that by tunnelling ten miles through the rock from the head of one of the string of lakes they could bring water down to Kitimat, provided—and here was the snag—that the flow of the Nechako River could be halted and then reversed. Accordingly it was decided to dam the river 150 miles east of the lake and allow the accumulated water to pour down nearly 3,000 feet to the turbines, where it would ultimately develop 2,500,000 electrical horse power. The dam was finished in 1952 and in the same year work started on the power plant and the township of Kitimat.

This single project will eventually have many different meanings for British Columbia. Quite apart from the production of aluminium there will be surplus electrical power for other industries, and the time may come when the little Indian village of Kitimat becomes a centre of population and the site of many different manufactures.

Meanwhile, the life of the province centres on Vancouver, which once suffered from the terrible name of 'Gas Town'. Certainly that was a misnomer for in its way this city is the most beautiful in Canada. It is a busy port with a sheltered anchorage. The back-drop of the mountains to the north provides the perfect setting, and in the stir and bustle of its wide streets you feel that Vancouver is 'going places' in a youthful, enterprising way.

Across the water in Victoria there is a different atmosphere. At one time this town was a favourite retiring place for British army officers and other pensioners and their wives, ranking in that respect with the Riviera and Darjeeling. And, as in all such places, a kind of frowsty, desiccated atmosphere was produced which not even the beauty of the scenery or the nearly perfect climate could defeat. Nowadays most of the pensioners are dead and their wives with them, so that the Englishness of Victoria is more a legend than a fact.

The city's history, like the history of most towns in Canada, is relatively short. It is true that it is not quite as recent as that of Calgary, where I met a man whose grandfather had put up the first wooden house beside the railroad track, but nevertheless it goes back only to the beginning of the nineteenth century when the Hudson's Bay Company set up its main trading-post there for the Pacific coast.

Although Vancouver is bigger, Victoria is the provincial capital—a hangover from the days when it was the dominant partner and looked down on Gas Town and its hard-driving, hard-drinking, tough inhabitants.

There is no doubt at all that if you have profitable employment or wealth of your own British Columbia is the best part of Canada in which to settle. The future prospect is just as expansive as in any other province, and the combination of climate and scenery make it a pleasant, fruitful land in which to spend your days. Certainly Americans seem to like it. In the summer months it is estimated that 500,000 tourists pour in from the seaboard states and the Middle West to gape and rubberneck. British Columbia welcomes them. Like salmon fisheries and farming, it is another source of income and profit.

The province is law-abiding, hard-working and go-ahead, but right in its heart it nurses a problem. Just as the Indians in their degenerate days are a challenge to Canada so the sect known as the doukhoboors are a challenge to British Columbia.

Their history is strange, and what to do with them no man can tell. In the days when all Russia lay in the grip of the Tsar and democracy was gaining ground in the rest of Europe dreadful stories of the persecution of a Russian religious sect stirred liberal opinion both in London and on the Continent. It was said that because a few thousand harmless men and women held strong pacifist beliefs the Tsar had sent his Cossack troops among them to flog and behead as they thought fit.

After much discussion Count Tolstoy, aided and abetted by American Quakers, raised a fund to enable the mass exodus of the doukhoboors to more friendly lands. First they went to Cyprus and then moved again to settle in the fertile valleys of British Columbia.

Never did a willing host take in such difficult guests. No sooner were they settled than it became abundantly clear that the strange beliefs of the doukhoboors made them almost impossible either to live with or to coerce into the ways of civilized life.

The objection to military service which had earned them the knout and the sabre in Russia presented no problem in Canada, where conscription was unknown until the end of the Second World War, but in every other direction they were intolerable neighbours.

Given a chance they would run around without any clothes on. They refused to pay taxes, refused to submit to any form of government or authority, refused to take oaths, segregated their women in separate

houses on the Oriental harem principle and were rude, overbearing and quarrelsome even among themselves.

Worst of all, the doukhoboors at intervals whipped themselves up into a state of strange frenzy. Then, stark naked, torch in hand, they rushed through the village, setting fire to a barn here, a haystack there, and sometimes to their own homes. Bitterly the British Columbians must regret the activities of the well-meaning nineteenth-century busybodies who inflicted this minor plague on them, and many must have a sneaking sympathy with the Tsar and his Cossacks.

The doukhoboors themselves complain constantly of the alleged bad treatment they receive in Canada and always talk of moving off to yet another country. Some even declare that they would prefer Soviet Russia, but if Mr. Kruschev has his wits about him he will see to it that no entry permits are given to the fire-raisers.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Early Days

IF you want to live in a country or invest in it or study it you must learn something of its history.

Henry Ford is reputed to have said 'History is bunk', and to some extent I agree with him. A learned man who sits down to write about a nation which interests him is usually biased. The author—like Gibbons of *Decline and Fall* fame—may be an agnostic or he may dislike Socialism or Capitalism or Prohibition.

Almost invariably he will get up a hate against somebody or something, and his history is distorted in consequence. But at least the facts remain. And if you stick to them they are highly coloured enough in most cases to hold general interest.

In the case of Canada it is the usual story of war and burnings and murder and political intrigue, tempered, however, with such a large portion of common sense and humanity that a great nation has emerged in the process.

I say, therefore, that history in this instance is important and in the case of Canada it is reassuring as well. Surely in the whole story of human endeavour no such ill-assorted collection of people as the eighteenth-century Canadians ever solved their problems with so little bloodshed.

The living proof that this is so can be found in the fact that, two centuries after the American revolution against Britain, Canada with only 17,000,000 people is still a member of the Commonwealth, free and independent and entirely unafraid of the overwhelming population to the south of her.

How has she preserved her sovereignty? Why has she been able to remain a member of the British family of nations and yet 'keep face' as a country which has never been a lackey to England or anyone else?

The story is a fascinating one. In the world's history that of Canada dates from the last Ice Age when it is believed that nomad tribes of Asiatics followed the recession of the glaciers across the Behring Straits into the prairies.

As in all these matters proof is slender, but archaeologists have traced the remains of these early peoples—their pottery and camp sites—in a line from Alaska to New Mexico.

First came the red men, then the Eskimos, who confined themselves to the northern territories, and then, at an interval of thousands of years, the Vikings.

Why the Danes never followed up their landings in North America, which took place shortly before the Norman conquest of England, must for ever remain a mystery, but it seems very clear that around the year A.D. 1000 Leif Ericson's longboats nosed their way into some estuary on the coast of Nova Scotia or Newfoundland and that he was followed at intervals during the next couple of centuries by other Scandinavian adventurers who were either driven off course on their voyages to Greenland or were deliberately seeking new lands.

Possibly the climate or the lack of spoils damped

the enthusiasm of these early explorers, for it must be remembered that the Danes or Norwegians of those days were interested more in quick profits than settlement and long-term development.

For three hundred years the Indian tribes were left to themselves, and then, in 1497, John Cabot, a Genoese in British pay, sailed to Canada's eastern seaboard and discovered enormous quantities of cod which soon sent fishing fleets from Europe to the Grand Banks off Newfoundland, which have been exploited ever since.

But even this voyage did not result in any attempt at settlement on the Canadian mainland. It was not until a Frenchman named Jacques Cartier sailed his ship into the St. Lawrence River in 1534 that the real exploitation of Canada by Europeans began. Climbing the hill to survey the new land he had discovered, Cartier named it Mont Real because of the beautiful view which it gave of the Lachine Rapids and the winding Ottawa River.

This explorer was intrigued by the possibilities which Canada seemed to afford for settlement, and on his third voyage, in 1541, he proudly claimed the whole country for the King of France and put up a small fort at a place later called Quebec.

The settlement of Cartier was too small, too insignificant to disturb the natives, and certainly they had no conception of what was to result from the arrival of the white man. Across Canada the tribes continued to live as they had done for a thousand years. On the southern banks of Lake Ontario were the powerful Iroquois and farther west the Hurons held sway, alternately fighting and smoking the peace pipe with their neighbours, the Athapascan Indians of the prairies.

No accurate estimate has ever been possible of the Canadian population prior to, or immediately after, the arrival of the French because the country was explored over a long period of time during which imported disease, drink and incessant wars ravished the Indian peoples, but at the turn of the seventeenth century at least 200,000 of them must have been living between the Atlantic and the Pacific.

The part they were to play as allies or enemies of the white men was soon, however, to assume great importance, and a present graciously bestowed on a chief or an insult thoughtlessly given in the early years established a pattern of loyalties and antagonism which continued for the next century and a half.

After Cartier there was a sixty-year pause in Canadian history. France, dominant in Europe, was much too occupied to turn her eyes westward, and it was not until 1608 that Samuel de Champlain, a bold explorer who had already visited Mexico and Panama, arrived in Canada to set up a permanent trading-post on the site of present-day Montreal.

How small these beginnings of a great country were can be judged from the fact that de Champlain and his companions numbered only twenty-eight in the first winter and of these no fewer than twenty died through lack of food and the cold, for which they appeared to have been totally unprepared. But some did survive and others joined them, and bit by bit the post became a settlement and its more hardy inhabitants pushed inland, and began to bring out the furs which were to become the mainstay of Canada's economy for several generations.

These trappers and traders also made contact with the Indians, and in 1619 de Champlain allowed

himself to be drawn into a war between the Iroquois on the one side and a confederacy of lesser tribes on the other. Amid the savage yells of the primitive, tomahawk-wielding Indians the volleys from French muskets ringing sharp on the autumn air did more than kill Iroquois. It bred in the hearts of their chiefs a distrust of the French which was to stand Britain in good stead in the final struggle for power between the two countries.

Meanwhile along the Atlantic seaboard—and notably in Virginia—British colonists had built up strong settlements which were not only more thickly populated than New France farther north, but far more independent of the central government in London than their neighbours were of Versailles.

The French in Canada suffered in those days from a lack of vision as great as that of Spain. From the King's point of view his subjects in Canada were there for one purpose only—to serve him and make money out of the country for the Imperial treasure-chest. Even the limited democracy of England which was copied in her North American possessions was unthinkable in French-speaking Canada, where a medieval political set-up stunted all growth and kept the bulk of the people in more or less willing subjection.

Life round Quebec and Montreal was organized in pyramidal form. The base of the pyramid consisted of so-called 'habitants' and at the apex was the King or, more exactly, his viceroy.

The habitant was ignorant, religious, obstinate and hard-working. He lived in a hut usually constructed of timber from the woods he had cleared for his farm land. Very few of the houses were made of stone. In most cases they had a fireplace over which a huge

iron pot full of soup was suspended. But quite frequently the smoke found its way out of a hole in the roof in the manner of an Indian wigwam. Since glass was scarce and expensive the windows were often covered by oiled paper and the furniture was made from rough-hewn logs.

A few religious pictures and a crucifix served as decoration, and behind the hut itself a couple of storehouses and an oven for baking bread completed the homestead.

Round and about these dwellings swarmed a horde of children, for although relatively few immigrants had gone to Canada from France those who did were reproducing themselves with tremendous speed.

This rate of growth can be judged from the fact that although there were too few people to populate lower Canada adequately before the war with England it has turned a French-speaking population of 65,000 in 1690 into nearly 5,250,000 in 1958.

The habitants and their farms were under the guardianship and authority of seigniors, whose houses were the centre of all local activities. These feudal gentry were in fact nothing more than rich estate agents of the King. Having received grants of land which might amount to anything between two and two thousand square miles, they parcelled it out to the peasants whose individual farms averaged three or four hundred acres.

From the farmers the seigniors collected rent which was mostly in kind, and from the rent they made small payments to the Royal Treasury. The settlers also agreed to reserve their best timber for the navy and to do military service when called upon.

Above the landlords again were the senior members

of the Church, the law, the civil service and the nobility with the vice-regal governor at their head. In the little city of Quebec these august persons set up a miniature court where they indulged themselves with dances, plays and banquets which disgusted some of the more serious-minded priests and particularly those who had been living in the wilds and had come back to civilization after enduring appalling hardships.

But whatever glitter attached to social life in Quebec, there was certainly no power behind it. Life at the top resembled a shop with a gay window display but nothing on the shelves inside. No major, or even minor, decision of government could be made without reference to Paris. Just as Spanish America was ruled by the Council of the Indies sitting in Madrid, so French North America was managed by a group of people round a throne 3,000 miles away at a time when sailing ships took more weeks to make the journey from Europe than a modern airplane takes hours.

How hopeless this system was in a new country can be seen by the experience of Comte de Frontenac, one of the most able of the French governors. His name is still remembered in Canada and his memory is perpetuated by one of those great hotels—the Château Frontenac at Quebec—erected by the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Frontenac was a remarkable man. On arrival in Canada he immediately understood the importance of placating the Indians, who not only vastly outnumbered his fellow-countrymen but, he perceived, must be brought into alliance in readiness for the war against Britain, which even in 1675, more than ten years before it broke out, he saw to be inevitable.

So this French aristocrat decided that to woo the Indians it was necessary to behave like them. He went to their camps, joined in their dances, and when they leaped screaming in hysteria to the beat of the drums round their camp-fires Frontenac leaped and screamed too.

But let the Indians lay a finger on a Frenchman and the jovial governor was instantly transformed into a tyrant who punished the offenders with the utmost severity. This policy paid dividends in ensuring both the respect and the fear of the Indian nations and even the hostile Iroquois kept quiet during his ten-year stay.

In other directions too Frontenac prepared for the future, and notably he built a series of forts from the Great Lakes to the Mississippi River and tried to introduce at least a semblance of democracy into the colony. These activities were brought to the notice of the King not, of course, by Frontenac's friends but by his enemies and notably by the bishop, who feared that the power of the Church might be weakened, and by the trading interests, who believed that their monopolistic 'grab what I can' methods were under scrutiny.

Bombarded first with these reports and then by others supporting Frontenac, and finally by visits to France of the most contentious people, the King recalled the Comte, and his work was never allowed to bear fruit. But it is interesting to note that when war commenced with England it was this able man who came out of retirement and was packed off to Canada to try to save the situation.

There then is the picture of Canada the moment before invasion—a picture of a feudal offshoot of France with a population consisting largely of illiterate

but solid peasants governed by a rather stiff-necked upper class determined to protect its privileges.

On this peaceful, if rather archaic scene amid the woods and rivers of a still almost virgin land burst the soldiery and colonists of a power which has combined rapacity and humanity with a success never perhaps achieved by any other country in history—England.

In London, William of Orange had ascended the throne and across the Channel the Sun King Louis XIV planned even greater territorial acquisitions. In North America the moment was ripe to bring to a head the various disputes about territory, trade and sovereignty in almost unexplored territories which had been simmering for a generation.

The conflict at first took the form of Indian raids into British or French country, either overtly sponsored by white men with white officers in the lead or brought about by bribes and promises. The Comte de Frontenac, once more in charge of the fortunes of New France, directed a series of such attacks against the British frontier settlements in New York, New Hampshire and Maine during which horrible butcheries took place, and the town of Schenectady was completely destroyed and the population murdered.

In response the English, with the help of the Iroquois, plundered and ravished the unfortunate habitants, leaving behind them a trail of burning homesteads and slaughtered innocents. This was only a curtain-raiser, however, to be succeeded by a long period of bickering between the two powers which culminated in 1758 with the appointment of William Pitt as Prime Minister of England. Pitt was a believer, like Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery, in concentrating your forces on one front and hitting the enemy hard.

Leaving Frederick the Great to wrestle with the French in Europe, he assembled a powerful fleet and appointed two young generals—Amherst, aged forty, and Wolfe, aged thirty-two—to command an army of 12,000 men for the subjugation of Canada. The fleet, with a force of 1,650 heavy guns and with troops aboard, assembled at *Halifax, Nova Scotia*, and then sailed for the French fortress of Louisburg on Cape Breton Island, which was strategically placed to command the entrance to the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

The troops were landed, the cannon boomed, the walls of the fort crumbled, and after seven weeks the French defenders, who were outnumbered two to one, capitulated.

The way was now open for the attack on Quebec, which was not only the centre of French life in the new world but believed to be impregnable because of its situation on a huge rock to the north of the St. Lawrence River. The river is over a mile wide at that point, and behind the citadel runs the St. Charles River, considerably narrower but still a formidable obstacle. In charge of the defence with 3,500 French regulars was Montcalm, brave, resolute and a splendid soldier. By his side with 14,000 militiamen was the Governor of Canada, Vaudreuil—an incompetent, bumbling and stupid civilian.

Montcalm did what he could. Every road or path to the summit was covered by guns and strongly guarded. It seemed impossible for any enemy to reach the plateau without catastrophic losses, and the general concluded that since a certain, although inadequate, amount of food had been stored away in preparation for a siege, the English would eventually be forced to retire from the scene.

The general underrated, however, the ingenuity of young Wolfe, who sat up night after night in his cabin aboard one of the ships, examining maps and listening to the reports of Indian spies. The deadlock lasted for some time. The British fleet now massed below the city used up a great deal of powder and shot on the defences without much effect while French efforts to send rafts burdened with highly inflammable material among the frigates also came to nothing.

Then, as every schoolboy knows, Wolfe discovered the existence of a narrow, unguarded path up the hillside. To find a way is one thing, but to exploit it before the enemy discovers your plan is quite another. After consultation with the admiral commanding the fleet Wolfe decided that if he was to make use of his advantage it was necessary to put up a form of eighteenth-century smoke-screen behind which he could operate.

The admiral accordingly up-anchored and ranged his ships to provide a barrier behind which Wolfe could load boats with his soldiery unperceived by the French. It was the night of 12 September 1759—a night which proved to be a turning-point in the history of Canada and the western world.

Stealthily and with iron discipline, the veterans of Wolfe's army disembarked in the darkness on the shore of the St. Lawrence and in pairs crept up the narrow, slippery pathway. There was no alarm, no ringing of bells from the citadel.

Montcalm was satisfied that the fortress was impregnable, and on his instructions the main body of the defenders watched the principal approaches. At the top of the path opening on to the plateau stood a single guard, placed there in case some English spy

should use the track to find out what went on inside Quebec. A blow with a musket put paid to his effectiveness, and when the autumn mists had rolled away in the morning the sunshine revealed a British army lined up on the crest of the rock ready to do battle.

The combat which resulted was a shambles. Before the volleys of the British regulars the undisciplined militia, composed largely of peasants from the surrounding countryside, very wisely took to their heels. The soldiers of Montcalm, deserted by their allies, were surrounded and the general himself was killed. So too was Wolfe in the moment of victory, and both he and his antagonist were buried in the chapel of the Ursulines inside the city.

The day was won and in that moment the issue of the campaign and the future of New France was decided for good or evil. And it might have been evil. It might have led to massacres and mass deportations by a Protestant power determined to root out a Catholic population from a country it wished to exploit. But here the genius of the British for compromise and humanity entered into the matter, just as it did fifty-six years later when Wellington stubbornly refused to levy an enormous war indemnity on France after the Battle of Waterloo, despite the pleas of Blücher.

By the Treaty of Paris in 1763 France ceded the whole of her North American possessions east of the Mississippi River to Britain, and the latter was faced with the problems of ruling a population alien in language, outlook and religion. The first thing to be done was pacification of the people and restoration of law and order after the war. Amherst was the man for

the job. He divided Canada, like ancient Gaul, into three parts, namely Montreal, Quebec and Three Rivers, and he assured the priests and the gentry that their ancient customs would be respected.

Anyone who wished might quit Canada and return to France and was allowed a period of time in which to sell up his property. Very few did so. The clergy stood by their flocks and the seigniors by the habitants. The mildness of the English rule not only surprised but delighted them and has paid handsome dividends ever since.

Much more truculent, curiously enough, were the settlers who followed the Union Jack and poured across the borders from the New England colonies. They demanded changes in the old French method of running the country, cursed the Roman Catholic Church, and squabbled over land, taxation and anything else they could find which displeased them.

At the same time it was decided to create the Province of Quebec. For administrative purposes it was to comprise that part of the St. Lawrence River valley with a French-speaking population, but excluding the English-speaking peoples slightly farther west (probably not more than a couple of thousand in number) in the area of what is now the most easterly part of Ontario.

The small Protestant population was soon to grow and be tremendously reinforced by the American revolution, and although most historians divide the country, during the period which led up to the North American Act of 1867, into Upper and Lower Canada, I always find this confusing and I prefer therefore to call the two parts Canada East and Canada West, which leaves no doubt at all in the mind.

Accurate prediction where human events and human beings are concerned is about the most difficult job in the world. If you had lived in the eighteenth century and known that the whole of North America from the New England states to Virginia was about to revolt against England, which people would you expect to be the first to join the movement?

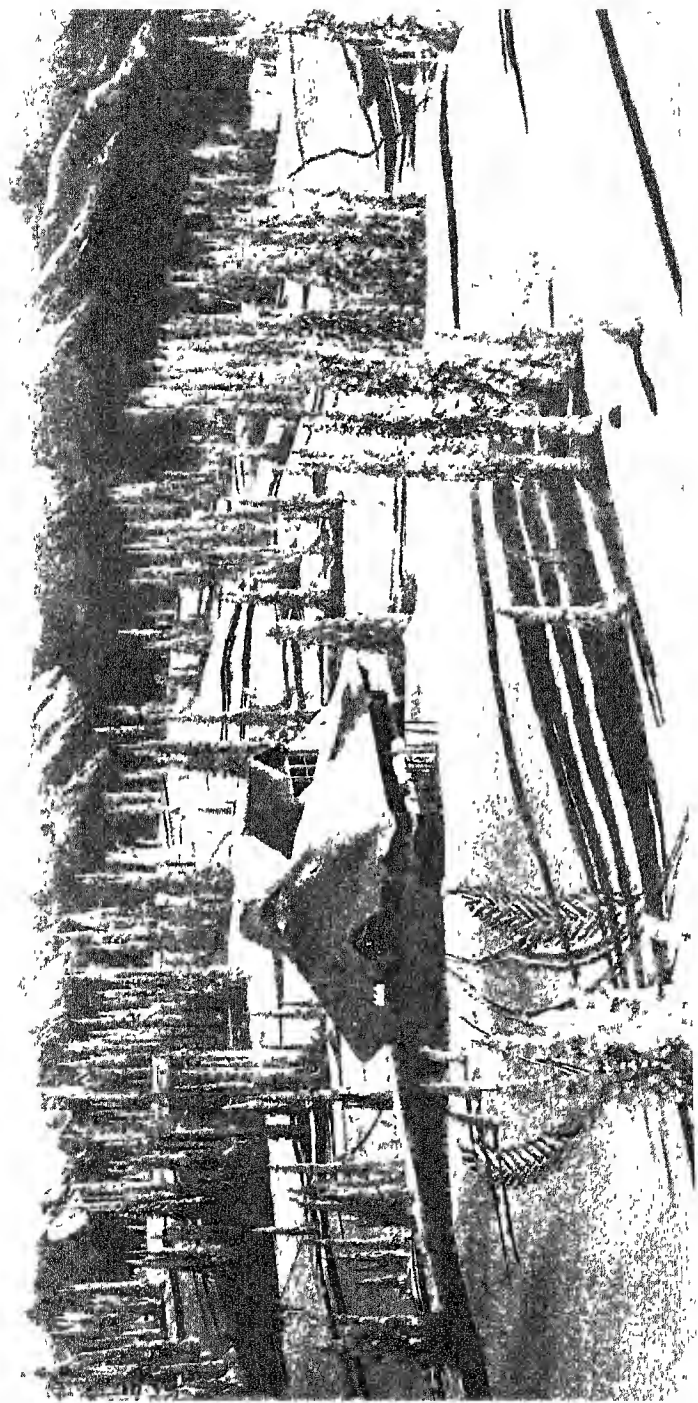
Clearly the French Canadians. They had been wrenched away from their mother country; they had a culture entirely alien to their conquerors and they were Catholics. Surely they had more to fight for than second- and third-generation English settlers, squabbling with Britain about customs duty and Whitehall red tape?

Yet you would have been utterly and completely wrong. The American English fought Britain to a standstill while the vast majority of Canadians stood by, and even if they were not passionately loyal to the Crown at least they remained unmoved by the Republican propaganda of the Yankees.

It is not the scope of this book to give a round-by-round account of one of the most inept campaigns ever fought by an imperial power against its own colonists, except in so far as it affects the position of Canada.

Enough then to say that delegations of rebels who crept into Montreal and Quebec to stir up the French got a frigid reception, and that at the most a few thousand discontented people joined the American forces and ultimately settled in the southern states.

Much more important was the tide of loyalists which flowed into the Maritime Provinces and created Canada West as a separate entity. Seven thousand alone were taken by British warships to Nova Scotia on the fall of New York, and ultimately 30,000 refugees



Heather Lodge, a beautiful scene in Mount Revelstoke National Park, British Columbia.



National Film Board

(Above) Quebec Coffee is served to guests of Laurentide Inn, winter resort at Ste-Agathe.

(Below) Sleigh riding near Mont Gabriel in the heart of Quebec's famous Laurentian resort area.

National Film Board



found their way there. Across the border of Ontario on foot and on horseback the homeless people numbered fully 15,000 more. Not wishing to live in the new republic and with feelings of great patriotism, they preferred to remain under British law and the British king.

In that agonizing moment the great bilingual Dominion of Canada was born.

For the student of human affairs the period in Canada from 1785 until the opening of the steam age in the mid-1850's may well be fascinating, comprising as it does the war of 1812 between Britain and America and the abortive Canadian revolt of 1837.

But the broad stream of development in Canada was only ruffled by these events, and writing about this formative period is for other pens than mine. What matters in the scope of this book is the sudden eruption of democratic ideas and the arrival of the locomotive in the 1840's on the still almost medieval scene.

So long as travel was limited by the speed of a horse Winnipeg was about as accessible from Montreal as the moon is today from a rocket site in Siberia. Indeed it is safe to say that but for science Canada in 1959 would still be very much the country it was in 1800 and that the prairies would still be the home of the buffalo and the Indian.

The tracks went down, the country shrank, and by the 1850's a wild-cat boom in railroad construction was in full swing. Everybody wanted to get in on the act. Small towns mortgaged their future and that of their taxpayers by pouring money into railroad bonds, valuable lines with immense possibilities were constructed—and utterly useless lines which led nowhere

because the money had petered out before they could be completed.

The first boom was followed by a slump. But not for long. By 1860 the first big link in the chain that was ultimately to span the continent was finished in the form of the Grand Trunk Railway from Lake Huron to the Atlantic coast, and although it was so shoddily built that the coaches and freight cars lurched about like ships on a stormy sea it provided an outlet for goods and agricultural products that had never existed before. The goods came out and the people moved in. On the borders of Canada West lay the wilderness stretching to the horizon and explored only by the trappers of the Hudson's Bay Company. This great concern, still going strong today after nearly 300 years, had been formed in 1670 under the name of the Company of Gentlemen Adventurers trading into the Hudson Bay, which it still bears. From the start it has been noted for two things—consistent ability to make money, often in the face of supreme difficulties, and the aristocratic connections of its directors. Prince Rupert and the Duke of Marlborough were two of the first, and in 1959 the 'Grand seigneur' of the company was the duke's direct descendant, Sir Winston Churchill, Knight of the Garter and a gentleman adventurer, in the best sense of the term, if ever there was one.

The Hudson's Bay Company made its fortune in the early stages by exporting furs collected at trading-posts strategically placed in the north. By the nineteenth century, however, it had already become the proprietor of great tracts of land and its servants had pushed farther west and north-west than other men.

They had been to the Yukon River and together

with others had reached the Rockies from the east. The tales these explorers brought back and the sketches they drew of the country they had seen filled the blank spaces in the map of Canada, and as more and more settlers arrived from Ireland and the 'old country' the pressure towards the prairies mounted rapidly.

It was the influx of population following the new railroads and pressing ahead of them which led to the foundation of Canada as we know it, and by the early 1860's a clamour arose for a different type of government, for a confederation of provinces running their local affairs themselves and sending elected representatives to a central legislature to deal with national affairs.

For over a decade Canada had been to all intents and purposes free of any dictation from Westminster, but the union of Canada East and Canada West was not working out and something had to be found in substitution.

The first move came from the north-east, where the Prime Minister of Nova Scotia, Charles Tupper, had sounded out London on the possibility of a confederacy of the Maritime Provinces, and on being told that Britain would certainly not interfere, held meetings of prominent politicians from New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island. The more these worthies thought about the matter, the more they came to the conclusion that their plan should be part of a much wider scheme, taking in French-speaking Quebec and Canada West in one grand confederacy.

After many meetings and a certain amount of hesitation the job was eventually done in 1867 and a system of government installed which holds good to this day.

Looking back on those times it is amusing to remember some of the names thought up for the new independent British territory. Since Queen Victoria was still to rule through her representative, the governor-general, in name, if not in fact, the first plan was simply to call the country 'The Kingdom of Canada'. But it was well known that the Americans detested anything to do with the monarchy, and since relations between London and Washington were strained the Foreign Secretary of the time finally substituted the word 'Dominion' for 'Kingdom' because, as he said, 'We don't want to offend the susceptibilities of those damned Yankees.'

Before this was done, however, Cabotica, Ursalia and even Septentrionalia were proposed and very wisely rejected—especially the last one, which is almost unpronounceable.

The constitution of Canada was modelled to a large extent on that of the United Kingdom, but superimposed on a completely separate system of provincial government so that the Act of 1867 set up one of the most costly bureaucracies ever seen in a democratic country.

At the top there was the governor-general, who at first had a certain amount of power and a great deal of prestige, but more recently has been shorn of the power. He is nominally appointed by the sovereign, but no king or queen would dream of making a choice contrary to the wishes of the Canadian people.

The whole thing was put very neatly in these words in 1927: 'The Governor-General is a representative of the Crown, holding in all essential respects the same position in relation to the administration of public affairs in the Dominion as is held by His Majesty the

King in Great Britain and he is not an agent of the British Government.'

This definition came after Lord Byng, the Governor-General in 1926, rather tactlessly refused to dissolve Parliament, despite the urgent recommendation of the Canadian Cabinet to do so.

Today the Governor-General does not even act as an intermediary when matters of mutual interest arise between London and Ottawa. It is then a case of direct communication between the two prime ministers on a basis of equality.

Below the Queen's representative come the real rulers of Canada—the Senate and the House of Commons. The Senate procedure is based on that of the House of Lords. It has a throne for the Governor-General, and the official who musters the Senators has the ancient title of Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod.

Senators are appointed for life by the provinces, and their main job is to scrutinize bills sent up from the Lower House with powers to reject them if they dislike the proposed legislation—a power which in practice they rarely use.

As in Britain, it is the House of Commons which does most of the work. Its members are elected by universal suffrage, and the number sent to Ottawa from each province was determined by the rather complicated formula of giving Quebec the fixed number of sixty-five and then dividing the population by that amount to establish how many thousands of people in, say, Alberta should be granted the right to elect one member.

On the opening of Parliament, British procedure is closely followed. The members of the Commons throng

to the bar of the Senate, where they are advised to retire to their own House and elect a Speaker. Directly the right man has been chosen a mace fashioned after the one which Oliver Cromwell called 'a bauble' and which he removed from Westminster in order to bring democracy to a temporary halt is placed on a table before the Speaker as a symbol of the authority of the Commons. In Britain the Speaker is an absolutely impartial referee. He is supposed to forget his original party affiliations and to translate the rules of procedure for the benefit of members.

The Canadian Speaker occupies a rather different position. Over the past hundred years it became customary to choose a man alternately from French and English Canada, and although he is not expected to be as partisan as a Speaker of the American House of Representatives his neutrality is not very pronounced and he can use a casting vote if a stalemate occurs in the House.

Immediately the Speaker is chosen he leads the Commons back into the Senate to listen to the speech from the throne. This speech was read year by year by the Governor-General until 1957, when the Queen herself opened Parliament, not as the British sovereign but as 'Queen of Canada'. It is, of course, prepared by the Cabinet and approved by the Prime Minister and announces the Government's proposals for the coming session. It is followed by the Speaker, who begs Her Majesty or her representative that the Commons should be allowed their ancient rights and privileges, and since this is the merest formality he knows the answer in advance. Indeed one trembles to think what would happen if the Governor-General returned a resounding 'No'.

Below the Central Parliament come the provincial legislatures, each a little Ottawa in miniature, each with a lieutenant-governor appointed by the Dominion Government and each with its Prime Minister and Cabinet.

In this kind of set-up it is inevitable that from time to time there is friction between Ottawa and, say, Edmonton or Toronto because there is an overlapping of responsibilities between the provinces and the Central Parliament. Naturally the provinces want to run their own business in their own way without any interference from outside and are constantly asserting their rights to do so while Ottawa in turn is bent on taking the widest interest in the largest possible number of Canadian affairs.

In the past there have been rows without number, and in the 1880's these grew to such a pitch that appeals not only to the courts but to the Privy Council in London became almost everyday occurrences. The elected representatives of the people fought about any and every issue, and the worst row of all came when Mr. Letellier de St. Just, Governor-General of Quebec, told the Conservative ministers then in power to get out. In the election which followed the voters gave his action their support by putting into office the opponents of the men he had sacked but in the Dominion Parliament the feeling arose that this sort of thing could not be tolerated, and the sacker himself got the sack.

Whatever Mr. St. Just thought about this I cannot tell, but it certainly appears to have taught other Governor-Generals since that time the lesson that they hold office more for show than utility.

In other words, Canada is very much a democracy

in which the elected representatives of the people hold the power and the purse strings, while the trappings of ceremony are preserved more as a link with the past than for any other reason.

There is no doubt at all that this slightly cumbersome system of provincial governments with a Central Parliament in Ottawa, although expensive, works in the twentieth century remarkably smoothly.

There is provincial taxation for local affairs and federal taxation for national expenditure, and the two together are not unduly burdensome. Moreover, the provinces recognized from early days that without some supreme authority development of the country as a whole rather than in pieces would never come about and indeed the pressing need for inter-provincial railways was one of the main factors in the agitation which brought about the Act of 1867.

Interesting in this respect was the bold decision of Prime Minister Macdonald in 1880 during the most intense period of strife and petty argument to authorize the Canadian Pacific Railway to push ahead with its plans for a line stretching from the industrial east across the prairies and through the Rockies to British Columbia.

His Government not only handed a cash bonus of \$25 million to the company but gave it a grant of 25,000,000 acres of land plus 700 miles of track, already laid down at the taxpayers' expense. The Opposition in Parliament thundered and bellowed. It was daylight robbery of the people, they cried. It put cash into the pockets of scoundrelly capitalists who would probably never finish the line, and in any case, if they did, would overcharge the passengers.

This shrill outcry had little effect either on the

promoters of the company, the bulk of the people or the Government. The railway went forward. Swiftly it spanned the flat prairies, but in the Rockies incredible difficulties were encountered. Avalanches crashed down on the construction gangs, countless mountain streams had to be bridged, and sheer hillsides had to be blasted in order to make a ledge for a single track.

Men died and sweated and fought to push the railway through. Millions more dollars were needed, and the Government found them. Like the people of Canada it had faith in the future, and this line running from one centre of population through a wilderness to another settlement 2,500 miles away seemed worth every cent it cost and every life and heartache on the way.

Then suddenly it was finished—the longest railway in the world. But building a railroad through what somebody once called ‘Miles of damn all’ is one thing and finding customers for it is another. In the huge middle section there was nothing at all—no people, no factories, no goods, no agriculture.

By gigantic advertising campaigns the directors of the company induced their customers to go and settle along the line. The immigrant farmers arrived and the ranchers and the lumber-men. They came and prospered and Canada and the Canadian Pacific prospered with them.

Since those days the C.P.R. has been one of the most profitable, well-conducted transport systems in the world, and its side ventures—its land developments and its hotels and its steamships and its airplanes—have been as well thought out and as adventurously successful as its first bold plan to link the oceans with a ribbon of steel.

In brief, Canada has a Federal Government concerned with such national products as the St. Lawrence seaway and the Trans-Canada highway, foreign policy, defence, employment and welfare, while the provincial parliaments deal with matters strictly within their own orbit as a matter of course and as many other pies as they can stick their fingers into. Above both is the law, completely impartial. It is modelled so closely on the old common law of England that a British barrister or solicitor finds no difficulty in passing the examinations necessary to practise in Canada. It guarantees the Canadian citizen a square deal, and even if England had done nothing else for her colonies and possessions, at least she could feel proud that her example has allowed men and women in the Dominions to live without fear.

Within the framework of the Constitution and the law is the modern political set-up tied by invisible strings to the past and just about as complicated as a jigsaw puzzle.

Outwardly the whole thing looks simplicity itself. In Britain we have a strong Tory party, a strong Socialist party and a smattering of Liberals formidable in numbers but seldom concentrated strongly enough in any one constituency to get a seat. In Canada there is a strong Tory party, a strong Liberal party and a smattering of people to the Left.

But there all similarity—if it exists at all—ends. Mr. Bruce Hutchinson in *The Unknown Country* wrote:

‘A political party in Canada can seldom follow a clear line if it is to get elected, for it must represent all the rival racial and economic interests of the whole nation. It must somehow embrace under one

policy the isolated Maritimes, the French Catholics of Quebec, the protected manufacturing interests of Ontario, the free-trade aspirations of the prairie farmer, the almost separate economy of British Columbia. . . . It must be the best kind of compromise possible, while appearing to have a clear-cut plan of its own.'

Until the General Election of 1958 Canada had had a Liberal administration under the prime ministership of Mackenzie King, with only one brief interlude since the First World War. In Victorian days everybody knew where the Liberals stood. They were the *laissez-faire* merchants. To spend the people's money was a crime, to impose tariffs heresy, and to aid the poor in times of depression the duty of charitably disposed citizens and not the State.

Over the years the Liberals have changed just as the Tories and the Socialists have changed. A middle-of-the-road Conservative in Britain in 1959 is probably Left of most of the 1900 breed of Socialists, and the Liberal has become a kind of mongrel cross of a haughty capitalist father and a mother from the poverty-stricken valleys of Wales.

There has been no Liberal Government in Britain since the early 1920's, so that it is impossible to say what the Liberals would do if they ever took office in Westminster again. But in Canada their long and almost continuous session in power has changed their original outlook almost beyond recognition.

Mr. Mackenzie King as the leader of his party is a case in point. He started his political life firmly believing in the 'leave them alone' doctrine, but finished up after a slump and two world wars convinced

that you could only leave things alone for part of the time and that at others you must intervene even if it meant dishing out the taxpayers' money on relief programmes and in other ways abhorrent to the Liberal soul. Indeed he was forced in the end to impose conscription on Canada in 1944—an interference with the rights of the people to do as they liked in all circumstances, providing they kept the law—which is completely opposed to the original doctrine of the party.

Few of his colleagues or opponents seem to have liked Mr. King very much and many detested him. They said that he was cold and soulless, that he was egotistical, that he was too much a politician ever to be a statesman, and they whispered that he was a spiritualist, as if that was something immensely to his detriment.

In fact, this prime minister was rather a reserved individual with tremendous organizing ability. He built up the party machine and adapted it to the gradually changing conditions of modern life.

When Mackenzie King resigned in 1948 he was succeeded by a Liberal of a very different kind—Louis St. Laurent—who not only got on well with the English-speaking population but was, naturally, highly acceptable to his own kith and kin in Quebec. He too had his day, but Liberalism has for the moment been swept aside in Canada, and in March 1958 the Conservatives came to power with Prime Minister Diefenbaker at their head and a majority of 151 over the other parties combined.

Mr. Diefenbaker is of Scottish-European descent—a man dedicated to the belief that Canada's future is unlimited.

In an interview during the early part of 1959 with Mr. Rene MacColl of the *Daily Express*, the Prime Minister said:

‘We take a strong stand against any impingement on our sovereignty by the United States. We are united with her on defence, and for the purposes of world peace, but we demand that in our co-operation there shall be no suggestion of subservience on our part.

‘In another 25 or 30 years the United States will have become a “have not” nation, where natural resources are concerned.

‘With our own natural resources the future of Canada is not only assured, but will transform her into one of the major Powers of the world. For we are a “have” nation, not only in the defence commodities necessary for survival, but in the things which will bring about tremendous technological expansion, such as hydro-electric power.

‘Only a few years ago the far north was regarded as so much Arctic wasteland. Now we know it to be a treasure-house of natural wealth.

‘Our northern territories development policy will bring about an expansion of mineral development and oil production the like of which will be beyond the wildest dreams of most of us.

‘We are supremely disinterested and everyone knows it. There is nothing in our past which can arouse suspicion. There is nothing in our present which suggests that we harbour aggressive designs or ulterior motives.

‘That being so, and with our geographical position between the United States and the Soviet

Union, we find ourselves as an interpreter of nation to nation.

‘We are not interested in the affairs of others, except as regards the general search for peace. We do not dictate. We simply try to be helpful.’

To the extent that both parties believe in progress, sound finance and free enterprise, the outsider can see little difference between them, and certainly not the conflict of interests between Capital and Labour which makes every British General Election a battle of important principles. The Canadian Liberals are the middle-of-the-road party, moderate in all things, or, as they would like to think, ‘well balanced’. If something seems to be getting out of balance they jump on the other end of the seesaw to level it up a bit.

The Conservatives are also middle of the road, but are accused of being more partisan. Certainly in past times much of the Tory support came from business interests in Ontario and from the folk of Scottish and Ulster descent. As in all Conservative parties the business community is inclined to back the Tories as a stabilizing force, but whether that is a bad thing I very much doubt, since it seems to me that unless you are going to have a Communist régime it is in the interests of any democracy for industry to be able to work and plan for the years ahead.

To the Left of both the great parties is the Commonwealth Co-operative Federation, or the C.C.F. for short. Decidedly more radical than the Conservatives, this party probably touches the left flank of the Liberals. It came into being largely as a result of the appalling world slump of the early 1930’s which hit the prairies as hard as any area in the world.

Born among the farms of Saskatchewan, C.C.F. has fostered ideas of co-operatives in marketing and the public ownership of utilities and has gained considerable influence in recent years in trade union activities in Ontario and Nova Scotia. If the C.C.F. is socialistic its socialism is a very mild brand of that political medicine, and Mr. Aneurin Bevan would no doubt seek to ginger it up if he ever decided to emigrate from Westminster and settle in Canada.

The voter in the Dominion, therefore, has in the main three parties to choose from. None of them is extreme, all are bent on fostering the expansion of the country, and the new arrival can make his selection as he thinks fit, secure in the knowledge that the party which gets his vote will seek to serve him well.

To round off the political scene a word must be said about Ottawa, which is a kind of overgrown parliamentary village. In any new nation the choice of a site for the capital is sure to arouse the very worst feelings of anger and petty jealousy among the citizens. After much discussion the United States decided on Washington, which was situated in a pestilential piece of swamp land by the Potomac and made a Federal district so that no individual state could claim it as its own.

Canada had the same difficulty and, in addition to the jealousy inspired among the people by the thought of building a capital city in any province but their own, various strategical issues had to be taken into consideration.

In the end, after looking at drawings of the place and listening to reports, Queen Victoria made a decision based primarily on a statesmanlike letter from the Governor-General, who wrote:

‘Ottawa is the only place which will be accepted by the majority of Upper and Lower Canada as a fair compromise. With the exception of Ottawa, every one of the cities proposed is an object of jealousy to each of the others. Ottawa is, in fact, neither in Upper nor in Lower Canada. Literally it is in the former; but a bridge alone divides it from the latter. Consequently its selection would fulfil the letter of any pledge given, or supposed to be given, to Upper Canada at the time of the Union.

‘From a military point of view Ottawa is advantageously situated. Its distance from the frontier is such as to protect it from any marauding party, or even from a regular attack, unless Montreal and Kingston, which flank the approach to it, were previously occupied by the enemy. Stores and troops could be sent to Ottawa either from Quebec or Kingston, without exposure on the St. Lawrence to the American frontier.’

So Ottawa was built on the river from which it took its name. A hundred years after Queen Victoria gave her consent the city finds itself a world centre thronged with the ambassadors of foreign Powers and dominated by its Parliament Buildings on one hill and by the inevitable Canadian Pacific hotel on the other.



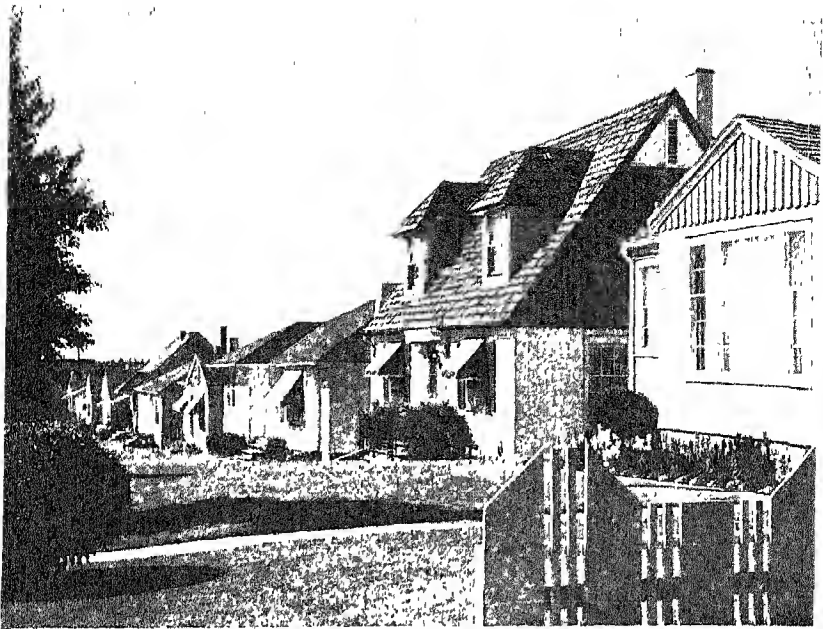
Capital Press, Ottawa

(Above) Ottawa Traditional houses in a quiet residential street of the city.

(Below) Ottawa Interior of family house designed by architect Victor Belcourt.

Capital Press, Ottawa





National Film Board

(Above) Calgary, Alberta Modern homes in a residential area.

(Below) Toronto A house in the suburbs of the city.

Max Fleet, Toronto



CHAPTER EIGHT

Looking Ahead

Now for the facts of Canadian life as they affect the business man. The first thing to make abundantly clear is the phenomenal growth of the country in the past fifty years and the possibility of even faster development in the future.

One of the world's most successful business men, the late Sam Vestey, who made millions of pounds from meat in Britain, once said that in order to make a fortune 'you must find something that people want and then you must supply it to them'.

In Canada you have a source of supply with the whole world as a customer. The nations need its agricultural and mineral products, and although recent experience has shown that there can be a temporary halt because of a universal recession, this is only one of a dozen slight set-backs which any go-ahead country has suffered in the past century.

For the business man it is the long-term future which counts with all its prospects of money-making and security and fascinating interest. And no land in all the western world holds out more alluring inducements than Canada.

Ignore the aftermath of the First World War and the calamitous slump of the early 1930's and the experience of the winter of 1958-9 when unemployment

mounted to its biggest total in history, and look at the overall picture since 1911 when a motor-car on the prairies was a rarity and the citizens of Calgary still went about in high-heeled boots, chewing tobacco reflectively as they leaned against the hitching-post outside the beer saloon.

In 1911 the entire revenue derived from the people of Canada by federal taxation amounted to only \$118 million, which worked out at \$17 per head of the population. In 1957-8 the figure had grown almost astoundingly to \$5,000 million and the *per capita* tax had gone up to \$290. On top of that the provincial tax-gatherers had increased their haul in those forty-seven years from \$41 million to \$1,600 million.

For anyone who does not understand economics it might appear that the Canadian people had merely been ground down by the exorbitant demands of their legislators who were extracting the last penny from them. Nothing could be further from the truth. These figures showing an immense increase in revenue from income-tax, sales-tax and customs and excise reflect, as possibly no other statistics do, the growth of the Dominion from a minor into a major nation.

As the country has flourished so the demands on federal and provincial governments have expanded. It is all part of the same picture, and money taken out of the pockets of the people in an honest democracy such as Canada finds its way back again through a thousand different channels.

It does not matter whether the cash is expended on education or on relief or on the magnificent new roads. Everything that is done, with few exceptions, is for the benefit of the nation, and the total revenue and

expenditure is geared automatically to the wealth of the people.

It is interesting to see, however, exactly how this money is spent. From an examination of recent budgets it appears that around \$1,000 million go to service the national debt and for provincial subsidies and that a total of \$1,665 million is spent on defence. These two items absorb together half the available revenue, but nevertheless leave enough to pour out nearly \$500 million on health and welfare (including family allowances), old-age pensions and assistance to disabled people.

In addition to this, public works such as the construction of the Trans-Canada highway amounted in 1958 to a sizeable \$130 million.

This is the Government side of the balance-sheet. Now for trade. The conventional picture of Canada is of a country largely dependent on farm products from the prairies and timber from the boundless forests of the Maritimes, British Columbia and the north-west. But industrialization and the development of mineral wealth in recent years has changed all that.

It is true that newsprint, wheat and timber still top the bill with a grand total getting on for \$2,000 million, but other products and manufactures are going up fast. As recently as 1946, for instance, the export of iron ore and oil was negligible and even in 1953 the pair of them only accounted for \$37 million. Yet by 1956 they were up to \$247 million, or exactly half the sum fetched by the entire exported wheat crop of the prairie provinces.

It is the same story when you look at aluminium and asbestos and uranium. In each case there has been a fantastic rate of growth in industries which barely

existed before the war. Even nickel exports for which Canada has been famous for a generation have shot up in twenty years from \$58 million to \$250 million.

From industry—from the machine shops and blast furnaces of Ontario and Quebec—the flow of goods is constantly increasing and the factories are making on average about ten times the volume of finished products manufactured in 1939.

You might imagine from this that Canada needs to buy from abroad less than she did before the war, but, in fact, her wealth has increased so enormously that she has become an even more important market, not only for the United States but for Britain and the western European countries.

The goods pour in, with machinery at \$625 million leading the way, followed by cars and tractors and diesel engines and steel products. There is a colossal market in Canada for everything used in the home or in the fields or in the workshops, and there is no doubt at all that fast as the expansion has been in the last quarter of a century the increase in the next will be just as large.

Canada has in fact become a great trading nation—so great that she now ranks immediately after Britain and Western Germany and could well surpass both when her oil and natural-gas reserves have been fully exploited and marketed. Moreover, as an encouragement to young men and women who are thinking of settling in the Dominion, it is worth pointing out that the standard of living there is second only to that of the United States.

The exciting thing about Canada from the business man's viewpoint is the constant opportunities which arise in a country so wealthy and yet so sparsely

populated. Because new developments are always taking place in relatively remote places such as northern Ontario where iron ore has been exploited in recent years, or northern Alberta which is seeing intense exploration for oil and gas, the business adventurer can be certain that if he hurries along to the scene of the latest activity and sets out to cater for the needs of the newly arrived inhabitants he will lay down the foundations of a fortune.

It may be that he starts a motel on the Alaska highway, or a car repair depot three hundred miles north of Edmonton or a chain store in some shanty town on the edge of nowhere. But whatever he does he is assured that sooner or later there will be customers in abundance as men and women stream in from more populated areas to the new territories and the new-found resources.

Even on the southern borders where industry and people are most thickly congregated exciting things are still happening. Most exciting of all is the opening of the St. Lawrence seaway by the Queen and the President of the United States. This venture will have an effect on the trade of the Dominion in future years that few people outside the country appreciate.

If you look at the map you will see that Canada and the United States are divided by a chain of lakes which constitute the largest area of fresh water in the world—Superior, Michigan, Huron, Erie and Ontario.

From the earliest days in Canada it was realized that if ocean-going ships could reach these lakes the whole interior of the continent could be opened up for trade. This would mean that a freighter from Liverpool could penetrate as far west as the site of modern Duluth in Minnesota, nearly 1,500 miles from

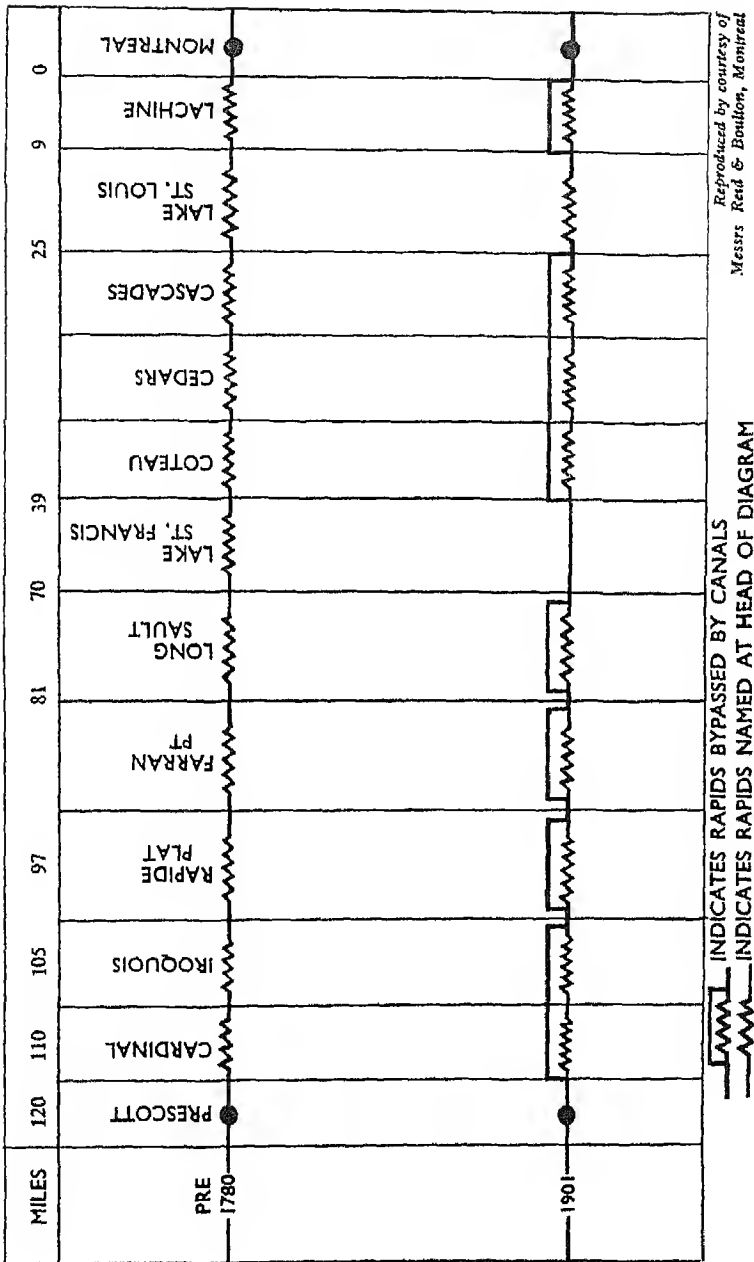
the sea, or as far south as Chicago at the head of Lake Michigan.

Frustrating this dream of sailing on an inland ocean was the St. Lawrence River tumbling and foaming over a succession of rapids from the moment it left Lake Ontario until it arrived in Montreal. This stretch of around 150 miles was an insurmountable obstacle, only rivalled by the thundering, sheer falls of Niagara. To show just how great the obstacle of the St. Lawrence River was to navigation and how it was eventually overcome, here are two diagrams. The first illustrates the state of the river in 1780 before any attempt was made to improve the waterway, and the second shows the position as it was before the commencement of the St. Lawrence seaway.

In the intervening 170 years numerous individuals had done their best—often a very poor best—to dig channels round the rapids. Because money was invariably short the canals they dug were geared rather inadequately to the needs of their day and little thought could be afforded for the morrow.

The first canals, for instance, at the Montreal end of the river were a bare $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet deep and the locks were only 6 feet wide. They were designed to take small flat-bottomed boats, useful for conveying troops and small quantities of food and ammunition in the event of war with the United States or trouble with the Indians, but for very little else.

As the demand for bulk transportation grew these early diggings had to be enlarged or scrapped entirely. For example, the canals in the fourteen-mile Coteau to Cascades section have not only been enlarged three times but have actually changed banks twice. Originally excavated on the north shore in 1785, they were



Reproduced by courtesy of
Messrs Reid & Boulton, Montreal

switched to the south bank in 1848 and back again to the north in 1901. The net result of all this construction and trouble and expense was a channel navigable for ships not exceeding 270 feet in length and drawing less than 14 feet of water. This, of course, effectively prevented any large ships entering the lakes from the ocean and also bottled up the lake freighters—some of enormous size—which were forced to transfer their cargoes of grain and iron ore to smaller ships at Prescott, Ontario.

Clearly the whole thing was not only unsatisfactory but was stultifying the trading possibilities of the nation. At the end of the last century talks were held with the Americans in an endeavour to thrash out a joint plan of action which would not only allow sizeable ships access to the lakes but harness the enormous power of the water in the rapids for the production of electricity. The International Waterways Commission of the United States recommended a deep channel from the lakes to the sea, and then waited for praise or blame in Congress. Immediately a tremendous wave of opposition manifested itself. Everybody remotely affected started to lobby against the plan, which they saw as a threat to their livelihood.

The coal and oil interests feared the increase of cheap hydro power. The railroads feared for their freight. The ports on the eastern seaboard feared that instead of handling the rail-borne goods of the middle north-west their customers—the merchant marine of Britain and America—would go direct via the canal to the centres of wheat and mineral production.

Raising the cry of unemployment and poverty these vested interests succeeded in effectively stifling the plan for sixty years. The details of the battle in the

intervening period are boringly repetitive. Always the planners tried to push their far-sighted scheme through and always they were baulked by the politicians. Most interesting in this context was the assertion by experts that the proposed hydro station producing 2,200,000 horse power of electrical energy would prove a white elephant whose output would either remain unsold or have to be sold at uneconomic prices crippling to other suppliers of fuel.

In fact, when the dams were built and the great turbines and generators had been installed, industry had grown to such an extent that the problem was no longer how to get rid of the millions of electrical horse power but how to allocate them to firms clamouring for more.

Finally, after more than half a century of fruitless argument, Canada was convinced that she must 'go it alone'. On 21 December 1951 the Canadian House of Commons passed a Bill creating the St. Lawrence Seaway Authority and approved an agreement with the Province of Ontario for the construction of power plants on the rapids section of the river.

Faced with this *fait accompli* the Americans were in confusion. President Harry Truman was all for getting in on the project before it was too late, but once more the anti-seaway lobby was strong enough to have the Bill rejected, and it was not until some months later that the opposition finally caved in.

Once the United States decided to participate it did so whole-heartedly, and millions of dollars were voted for work necessary on the American shore and for power projects in collaboration with Ontario.

A task of the most colossal magnitude now faced the engineers and the workers. Whole areas would have

to be flooded to make new lakes to provide storage water for the turbines. Cuttings for the Canada section must be driven through rock so tough that drills of the hardest steel known to science were blunted after going down only a few feet. Whole townships would have to be moved, highways and railroads shifted to higher ground and the fantastic total of 210 million cubic feet of earth excavated and carried away by giant grabs and shovels.

The first men to arrive on the scene were given the macabre job of digging up cemeteries on the river banks and moving the coffins to new locations. Then came a horde of surveyors with tape measures and theodolites. They examined the townships like Iroquois and decided where to move them and how to do the moving.

It is at this sort of thing, to my mind, that North Americans really excel. Having reassured the citizens that they would be fully compensated for loss and inconvenience, they then suggested that if the householders wished, their old homes could be taken to the new locations so gently that not even a glass of water left on the kitchen table would spill a drop in the process.

The engineers did just that. Low loaders with tyres 9 feet in diameter and capable of carrying 200 tons were used, and after the water mains and electric services had been disconnected each house was jacked up and then lowered on to the transporter to be bodily removed.

Just to show what could be done in this respect the authorities took a six-roomed bungalow away at 9.30 one morning, transported it for a mile and a half and had it completely installed with water, light and

telephone working in its new position less than two hours later.

But all this was preliminary stuff. By late spring 1956 the whole Lachine section of the river was alive with men and machines, Canada having allocated over \$100 million for work here alone.

Apart from the digging and construction of large locks, the bridges had to have a clearance of 120 feet above water-level, and since the old bridges already carried vital road and rail traffic across the river to Montreal the job of new construction must be done in such a way that the flow of cars and trains was only interrupted for very short and occasional periods. But it was done in the end, and the Lachine section went through on schedule.

Farther west the same kind of thing was going on in the Soulanges section, but here the sandstone rock was giving the technicians grey hairs. To make the deep cuts necessary for the locks the sandstone had to be drilled away and, as I have remarked, the drill bits were worn out at an alarming pace.

In order to overcome this trouble a machine never seen before was wheeled into place and quickly proved that it was more than a match for the toughest rock. Called a jet piercer, it employed a flame burning at a temperature of 4,000 degrees F. to raise the temperature of the rock to white heat in the vicinity of the hole it made. Directly this was accomplished water was poured in and, turning instantly into steam, shattered the rock into fragments.

By the autumn of 1958 the last stubborn piece of stone had been removed, the locks had been completed and the power-houses installed.

It was a triumph both for the authorities involved

and for private enterprise. A dozen big companies co-operated to do the innumerable jobs. Canadian Vickers—which is an offshoot of the gigantic British heavy engineering concern—brought its latest techniques to bear on the construction of the lock gates, the Euclid division of General Motors supplied over 500 earth-moving machines, the Walsh Construction Company sponsored the \$32 million Long Sault Dam in the international section and Canada Iron Foundries supplied a diverse collection of equipment from structural steel to electric motors.

These are only a few of the companies which lent their aid. All can be proud that they helped to make a dream come true.

Just how much this seaway means to the future both of Canada and the United States and the people who go to settle in the vicinity of the Great Lakes can be judged from the fact that even when the latter were land-locked, except for relatively small vessels, the inter-lake traffic through the complicated system of locks and twisting waterways which connected them amounted to about 30,000 ships a year.

Iron ore and coal, newsprint and grain, oil and manufactured goods are water-borne on the lakes already to the tune of 100,000,000 tons annually. Now that the new big ship facilities are available these figures will jump again. Already new populations are moving towards the banks of the seaway and the lakes; already big industrial companies are rearranging their future plans to meet the changed conditions.

CHAPTER NINE

The Jobs

IF you are young and strong and adventurous or if you are middle aged but qualified in some profession, there is a great life and a fortune to be had in Canada.

Perhaps you already live there. You may be stuck down in Nova Scotia, wondering what the rest of the country holds for you. Or perhaps your home is in London or Milan. It makes no difference. What you have to decide is whether or not you should uproot yourself in the quest for better living—one of the biggest adventures life can offer.

This—and the succeeding chapters—give you the stark facts about jobs and wages and prices and living conditions in the Dominion. Some of the facts may be unpalatable, some may provide you with fresh ideas, new ambitions. But whatever you may say about them they are the truth, since the bulk of them come from the Canadian Government's Department of Labour, which is one of the most thorough, painstaking institutions of its kind in the world.

The first thing that the fortune-seeker must clearly understand is the overwhelming importance of the climate in Canada's economy. In every city you see big, brilliantly lit thermometers on the principal streets. Hour by hour the radio stations give you the

temperature and the weather forecast for the day ahead. Not for an instant are you allowed to forget that nature in Canada is seldom mild.

It can be hot and humid and it can be very, very cold. When the warm west wind blows—called the Chinook which occasionally comes over the Rockies into Calgary in the middle of the winter—the citizens rejoice in the sudden release from the arctic conditions until their cars start skidding about in the slush of melting snow.

The summer heat may go on for two or three months, but the cold seems to go on for ever. Compare these figures with the climatic conditions of Britain or France where 10 degrees F. of frost causes comment in the newspapers.

In the prairie provinces during the depths of winter anything above zero Fahrenheit is considered a treat. In Winnipeg, Manitoba, the January average is point six degrees and at Churchill, farther north, the average is minus 16 degrees F. or, in other words, 48 degrees of frost.

Toronto gets off relatively lightly with a January average of $24\frac{1}{2}$ degrees, and of course British Columbia is, by comparison, a hot-house with a temperature of 4 degrees above freezing.

The stern, unyielding onset of winter has a profound effect on the figures of employment for unskilled and semi-skilled workers in many industries. It is impossible to tell what happens in Siberia in this respect because the Communists never acknowledge that such a thing as unemployment can exist in their brave new world, but certainly there are few other places on earth which have such temperature variations as central Canada and northern Russia.

Statistics show that, regardless of world trade conditions, between 250,000 and 300,000 people are thrown out of work for varying periods in Canada every winter. During a boom the figure would clearly be less and in a slump considerably more, but in any case it is a factor which must be reckoned with.

Because of this, among other reasons, there is no question whatever that if I were a young married man with children who was employed at a satisfactory rate of pay in a semi-skilled job in Europe, nothing would induce me to throw it up and go to Canada.

I would consider it a risk not worth taking because the ferocious winter brings a dozen industries to a full stop. It freezes water transport solid, it snows up the railways, it makes outdoor activities for long periods almost unbearable, and in the north-west it can get so beastly that at times you have to keep your children indoors in case they should run about in the sub-zero air and crystallize their lungs.

For the man who has established himself, however, seasonal unemployment holds no threat, and he can successfully fight off the winter in his centrally heated house, office and car. Indeed I venture to say that the average settled Canadian suffers less between November and April than his opposite number in England who crouches over an inadequate coal fire in his draughty lounge and braces himself for the nerve-racking experience of going to bed in an unheated room about one degree warmer than the dank, drizzling outside air.

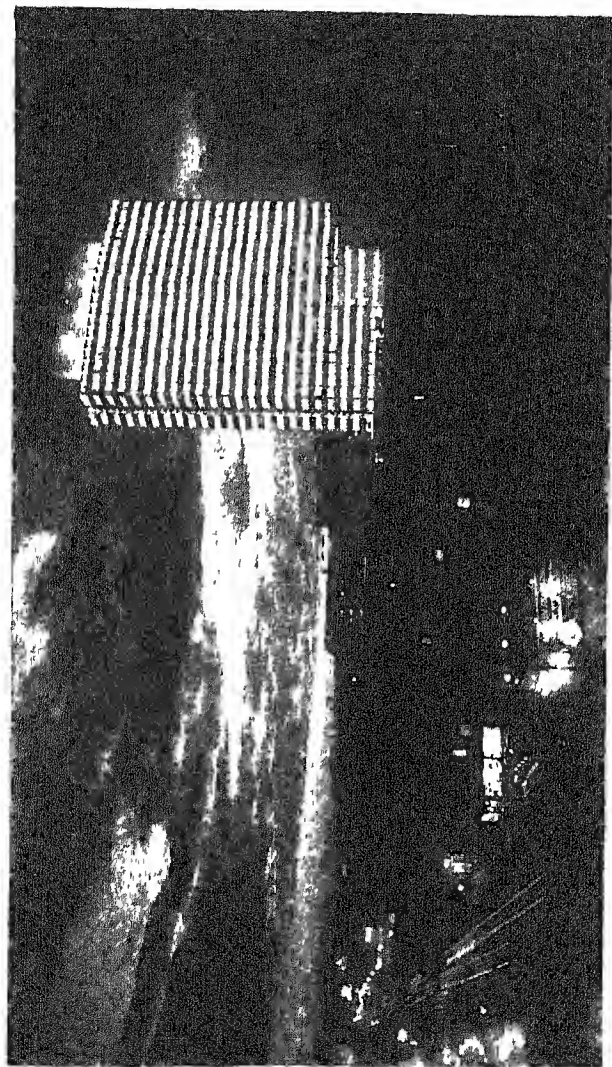
My belief, in short, is that Canada holds tremendous opportunities for two classes—for the youngster with no family ties or responsibilities who is prepared for anything and is determined to succeed, and for the qualified

man who establishes that he can earn more money for the same effort on the other side of the water.

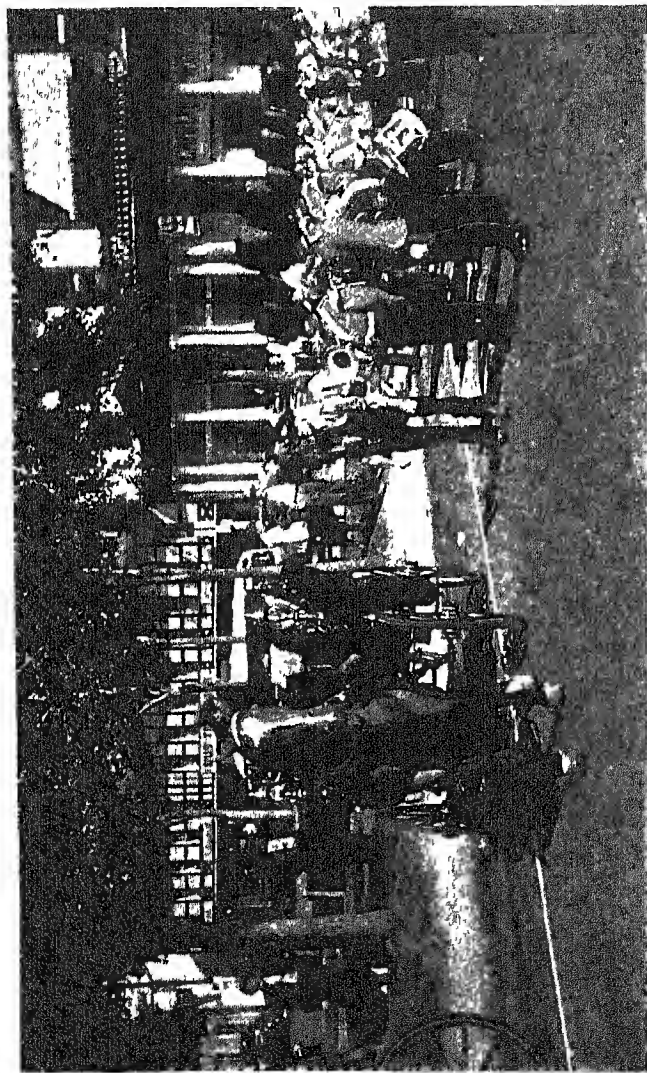
It is right, I think, to start with the unskilled first and give them the facts of Canadian life. Here is a table showing the varying degrees of seasonal unemployment in twenty industries:

<i>INDUSTRY</i>	<i>Approximate percentage of employees who are seasonal</i>
Logging	
East of the Rockies	65
British Columbia	45
Non-metal mining	20
Meat products	15
Dairy products	20
Canned and cured fish	45
Canned and preserved fruits and vegetables	70
Carbonated beverages	25
Tobacco and tobacco products	25
Women's clothing	10
Saw and planing mills	15
Pulp and paper mills	10
Agricultural implements	20
Shipbuilding and repairing	10
Construction	
Buildings and structures	30
Highways, bridges and streets	40
Steam railways	
Maintenance of ways and structures	30
Water transportation	30
Grain elevators	10
Electric light and power	10
Retail trade	10
Hotels and restaurants	10

You will see from the above that canning of fruit and vegetables comes top of the danger list with logging close behind. But none of the figures is very



Night Scene, Vancouver, B.C



The Royal 22nd Regiment, Canada's famous "Van Doos" on Parade

inspiring. Every autumn tens of thousands of men and women get the sack in these trades and every spring get taken on again.

True, the figures are distorted by the fact that university students habitually take jobs during the summer vacation which lasts from May until late September, but nevertheless there is, and will be in the foreseeable future, a great number of jobless people in the depths of winter.

These conditions are fully recognized by the Canadian Government, which likes immigrants to arrive in the spring and summer months so that they can earn money and settle down before the first snows fall. This at least helps in the supremely difficult job which the authorities face in sorting the new arrivals out and getting them into stable employment in the right industries in the right places.

To achieve this objective 200 national employment offices throughout the country exchange information so that if there is a shortage of plumbers in Regina and a surplus in Vancouver the news can be passed along the line.

In addition the Government tries its best to make newly arrived Europeans understand that they must be mobile. Canadians and Americans are for ever on the move. If you live in Baltimore and hear that there is a better chance for you in Los Angeles, thousands of miles away, you go there—preferably towing your own caravan home.

But in Europe people tend to stay put. If there is unemployment in the Welsh valleys it is almost impossible to make the workers move in any numbers to the Midlands, only a hundred miles away. They like to stick to their homes and their neighbours.

And so it is when a family takes the major step of crossing the Atlantic. Having reached Toronto many people sit themselves down and ignore the fact that their talents might be better rewarded in Alberta or British Columbia.

That is why I say that the unskilled arrival should be young, fit and ready to move. He can get his roots down later, when he has made his mark—and there is no reason whatever why he should not do so.

All but 8 per cent of the Canadian labour force is made up of non-professional people, and many of these end up with their own businesses and a standard of life which would have amazed their European forebears.

Those who settle in Canada will find that, for the most part, hours of work are reasonably short. The five-day, 40-hour, week is commonplace, and for office workers $37\frac{1}{2}$ hours is quite normal with 25 per cent of them putting in 36 hours or even less.

So far as holidays are concerned, one week annually with pay is a statutory obligation on employers in most provinces, but in the majority of industries the length of the vacation is dependent on length of service, so that after five years with the same company you get two weeks, and after, say, ten years three weeks. In addition there are national holidays amounting to around eight days and spread throughout the year.

Most workers are paid weekly, although some trades have the rather odd system of a cheque every fortnight, and in British Columbia, Alberta, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Ontario and Nova Scotia there are equal-pay laws which require that women should be paid at the same rates as men for comparable work.

Of great importance too is the question of trades unionism. The unions are powerful in Canada. They fight for the rights of their members and many are affiliated with, or branches of, similar unions in the United States. Although union membership is not compulsory under Canadian law, it is usually necessary for the craftsman to join, and the following is a summary of the position today.

In most Canadian industries membership in trade or labour unions is voluntary. For some trades, mainly the skilled occupations in building construction, printing, and clothing manufacture, employers have accepted the 'closed shop' type of organization. Under this system, only members of a specified union are eligible for employment. More common, however, is the 'union shop'. In this case, the employer may hire whom he pleases, but the worker must join the union in the plant or business within a specified time after being hired if he wishes to remain in the service of the employer.

A person wishing to become a member of a Canadian labour union is required to make application on a form provided by the union. Some craft unions require evidence of an applicant's competence before admitting him to membership. Evidence of having qualified under the provincial regulations for licensing or for competence certificates will, as a rule, be sufficient to qualify a person for admittance into the union of the particular trade. Some unions establish competence tests of their own. Upon acceptance of his application the new member must generally pay an initiation fee and thereafter the regular monthly dues. These vary from one union to another and even from one locale to another of the same union. The initiation

fee may range from \$1.00 to \$25.00, but is usually \$5.00; some, however, may be considerably higher. Membership dues are normally \$1.50 or \$2.50 a month, but may range from \$1.00 to \$6.00.

For men and women who have degrees and professional qualifications in a whole range of subjects from geology to medicine I regard Canada as 'wide open'. For them it has tremendous scope. It is growing fast. Its standard of living is high. The rewards to be earned are handsome, particularly in certain provinces, and the social life has that splendid neighbourliness about it which I have mentioned before.

Naturally each profession has its different requirements, and a certain level of qualification in one province may not be good enough for another. To help meet the need for guidance the Canadian Government has published a series of specialized booklets dealing with a long list of occupations. A complete index of these useful publications will be found in Appendix 1 of this book on page 164, and the booklets can be obtained either from the economics and research branch of the Department of Labour in Ottawa or from Canada House in London.

For more general guidance, here are useful hints and tips from the Department of Citizenship, together with some facts about the leading professions:

'Many professions in Canada have professional associations, e.g. the Canadian Medical Association, the Association of Professional Engineers, or the Canadian Institute of Chartered Accountants, and it is customary for persons practising these professions to belong to such an association. Usually the associations have a national headquarters and

provincial branches. In some provinces the licensing of professional persons for work in the province is controlled by the respective professional associations. Persons wishing to practise a given profession, therefore, must apply for a licence to the branch of their professional association in the province in which they wish to establish themselves. However, this is not necessary for all professions. In the occupations discussed individually below, if a licence from a professional organization is required, the fact is mentioned.

‘To qualify for a licence, the applicant may be required to pass an examination or give other proof of competence to practise his profession. Successful candidates are registered by the respective professional associations as licensed to practise.

‘Professional persons coming to Canada from other countries may not be able to obtain positions in their specializations immediately. It will, of course, be an advantage if they have a good knowledge of English, or of French if they expect to work in French-speaking communities. They will also be well advised to become acquainted as soon as possible with local customs, business methods, economic conditions, and laws and regulations.

‘New-comers to Canada trained in such professional fields as engineering or architecture can be employed immediately if jobs are available and a fully qualified Canadian professional takes responsibility for their work, but they cannot work on their own account before meeting certain professional requirements and passing certain examinations. Doctors, dentists, pharmacists and lawyers, on the other hand, cannot take positions in their respective

fields until they have fulfilled certain requirements. These may include additional formal training, a term of work experience, and examinations. Doctors may, however, work as assistants and internes.'

The requirements to be fulfilled for the practise of a number of selected professions are outlined below.

Accountants, Book-keepers

Chartered accountants and certified public accountants must belong to their respective professional organizations before being allowed to practise. Each province has its own professional accountants' organization, but information may be obtained from the following national bodies: The Canadian Institute of Chartered Accountants, 10 Adelaide Street East, Toronto, Ontario, and the Canadian Institute of Certified Public Accountants, 123 St. Clair Avenue West, Toronto, Ontario.

Book-keepers can take jobs immediately if openings are available and their qualifications meet the requirements of the individual employers, for they are not usually classified as professional and do not require certification.

Agrologists

A university degree in agriculture is needed to practise agrology in Canada. In addition, six of Canada's ten provinces require membership in the provincial agriculturists' association. New Canadians are considered for membership on an individual basis, according to their qualifications. Information may be obtained from the Agricultural Institute of Canada, 176 Gloucester Street, Ottawa, Ontario.

Architects

The practise of architecture in Canada is controlled by provincial regulations in all provinces except Prince Edward Island. Under these rules all architects must be certified before beginning practice on their own account. New-comers to Canada are advised to get in touch with the architects' association of the province in which they wish to practise or with the Royal Architectural Institute of Canada, 88 Metcalfe Street, Ottawa, Ontario.

Dentists

In general, immigrants who are graduates from European dental schools and who wish to practise in Canada are required to attend an approved dental school in Canada for periods which vary from province to province, and to graduate from that school. In some provinces the applicant must be a Canadian citizen, or have resided in Canada for a specified period of time. In addition to the above requirements, all applicants must pass the examination set by the Dental Council of Canada or by the dental board of the province in which they plan to practise before obtaining a licence. Further information may be obtained from the Canadian Dental Association, 234 St. George Street, Toronto, Ontario.

Engineers

In Canada an 'engineer' is usually a graduate in engineering from a recognized university, or an appropriately qualified member of a professional engineering association. In all provinces except Newfoundland and Prince Edward Island, an engineer may not legally call himself a 'professional engineer' unless he is

registered with a provincial professional engineering association. Information may be obtained from the Canadian Council of Professional Engineers, 236 Avenue Road, Toronto, Ontario, and from the Engineering Institute of Canada, 2050 Mansfield Street, Montreal, Quebec.

In the case of new-comers to Canada, the professional engineering associations may require the passing of examinations before granting recognition as a 'professional engineer'. However, when jobs are available, engineers coming from other countries can be employed immediately in a variety of engineering tasks if a properly licensed engineer takes responsibility for the work done.

Engineers coming to Canada from other countries will probably be able to obtain employment within a reasonable time, particularly if they are recent graduates in engineering. Generally speaking, new-comers would be well advised to take employment with a firm or an individual employer for a period of time rather than start out on their own immediately.

Foresters

To obtain a forester's position in Canada usually requires a bachelor's degree in forestry or a related science. In the case of research work some positions require post-graduate degrees at the master's or doctor's level, or equivalent related experience.

Generally speaking, membership in a professional association is not a prerequisite for the practise of forestry in Canada. However, four provinces (New Brunswick, Quebec, Ontario and British Columbia) have legislation covering professional foresters. In all four provinces foresters who are not members of the

professional organization may obtain employment in forestry, but may not be eligible to hold certain top-level positions. To obtain more specific details about the regulations in these four provinces the applicant should communicate with the Canadian Institute of Forestry, 10 Manor Road West, Toronto 7, Ontario.

Lawyers

Admission to the Bar in Canada is governed by the law society of each province, which requires the newcomer to pass Canadian law examinations and to pay admission fees. Most law societies also require that a candidate be a Canadian citizen or a British subject.

Because of similarities in legal practice in Canada and the United Kingdom, British lawyers usually have no difficulty in passing the Canadian law examinations. European lawyers, however, may find it necessary to undertake additional legal training in order to qualify in Canada.

Additional information concerning the practise of law in Canada may be obtained from the Secretary-Treasurer of the Canadian Bar Association, Mr. Ronald C. Merriam, 88 Metcalfe Street, Ottawa, Ontario.

Nurses

General hospitals in Canada usually employ only nurses who are registered with the provincial registered nurses associations. In the provinces of Quebec, Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland, a person is not permitted to practise as a nurse without being registered and without having obtained a licence from the province. In the other provinces of Canada a person (male or female) may practise as a NURSE but not as

a REGISTERED NURSE, unless holding the qualifications required for registration.

A nurse planning emigration to Canada should, therefore, first find out whether or not she is eligible to qualify for registration in the province in which she intends to practise. For nurses from the United Kingdom, the qualifications required usually include current state registration and the possession of Part 1 of the Central Midwifery Board Certificate. Among the requirements for nurses from other countries are graduation from a recognized school of nursing after sound training in general nursing, including an accepted course in midwifery or obstetrics; current registration with an established nurses' association, if one exists in the country in which the nurse received her training; and a working knowledge of English or French.

Additional information may be obtained from the Canadian Nurses' Association, 270 Laurier Street West, Ottawa, Ontario.

Optometrists

To practise optometry in Canada it is necessary to have a licence granted by a provincial association of optometrists. For new-comers the requirements include proof of training comparable to that of graduate optometrists in Canada. Further information may be obtained from the Canadian Association of Optometrists, 32 Front Street, Toronto, Ontario.

The provinces of Quebec and British Columbia have special, somewhat more difficult, requirements. A new-comer planning to practise in these provinces should make inquiries from the association of optometrists of the province concerned, or from the Canadian Association mentioned above.

Pharmacists

A pharmacist coming to Canada will have to take additional training and pass the examination approved by the pharmaceutical council of the province from which he expects to obtain a licence to practise. Inquiries should be addressed to the Canadian Pharmaceutical Association, Inc., 221 Victoria Street, Toronto, Ontario, or to the pharmaceutical council of the province concerned.

In the province of Ontario membership in the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain is recognized, members of this society being eligible, in limited numbers, for registration in Ontario.

Physicians and Surgeons

Licences to practise medicine are issued by provincial licensing boards. New-comers to Canada must present their credentials to the registrar of the provincial medical licensing board. This board will consider whether the applicant's university training and internship is equivalent to that required of Canadians. If satisfied, the board will issue to the candidate an 'enabling certificate' which entitles him to try the examinations of the Medical Council of Canada, 77 Metcalfe Street, Ottawa, Ontario.

If he is successful in the examinations the physician's name is placed on the Canadian Medical Register and a certificate is issued to that effect. This gives him the right to obtain a licence to practise in any province of Canada, without further examination, upon payment of the licensing fee and meeting other provincial regulations, such as furnishing evidence as to character and citizenship (the province of Quebec requires Canadian citizenship; the province of Ontario requires citizenship

in the British Commonwealth). The examinations of the Medical Council may be taken in either English or French.

The General Medical Council of Great Britain has reciprocity agreements with the provinces of Alberta, Saskatchewan, Manitoba, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland, and in any of these provinces a licence to practise may be issued to the physician without further examination, upon his payment of the licensing fee and furnishing evidence as to character and citizenship.

Physiotherapists

Several Canadian provinces have laws governing the practise and licensing of physiotherapists. Since these laws vary from province to province, immigrant physiotherapists who wish to practise in Canada should apply to the Canadian Physiotherapy Association, care of the University of Toronto, for further information.

Research Scientists

No licensing or certification is required for the practise of scientific research in Canada. Applicants, whether new-comers to Canada or Canadian citizens, are hired, when jobs are available, on the basis of their academic qualifications, work experience, demonstrated ability and other personal characteristics.

Teachers

Qualifications required for teaching in Canada vary from one province to another. Teachers trained outside Canada must therefore refer their qualifications to the registrar of the department of education of the

province in which they seek employment. The provincial registrar is also in a position to provide information on opportunities for employment within his province, although the actual hiring of teachers is done by local school boards in cities, towns or municipalities. The job vacancies are usually advertised in the local newspapers during the spring.

To teach in elementary schools a teacher is usually required to have had at least four years of secondary schooling and, in addition, a year at a recognized teachers' training school or college. A teaching certificate is issued by the provincial department of education upon proof of adequate qualifications.

Requirements for teaching in a secondary school usually include university graduation and, in addition, at least a year at a teachers' training school or college.

Teachers at the university or college level are not normally required to have a teacher's certificate. They are directly hired by the university or college on the basis of their ability, education and experience. Fluent knowledge of English, or French if the teacher wishes to work in French-language universities, is of course essential.

Additional information regarding the teaching profession may be obtained by writing to the Canadian Teachers' Federation, 444 MacLaren Street, Ottawa, Ontario.

Veterinarians

Veterinarians must be graduates in veterinary science from an accredited university, and must become members of the veterinary association of the province in which they wish to practise.

A new-comer wishing to practise veterinary medicine

must submit his qualifications to the Committee on Education of the Canadian Veterinary Medical Association, the national headquarters of the various provincial veterinarians' associations. A veterinarian whose qualifications are not approved by the Committee may be asked to write an examination or to attend a Canadian veterinary college for additional training.

Inquiries may be addressed to the secretaries of the various provincial veterinarians' associations or to the Canadian Veterinary Medical Association, 1195 Wellington Street, Ottawa, Ontario.

CHAPTER TEN

The Rewards

PEOPLE go to work in a country for two reasons only—either because of force of circumstances or for the better rewards obtainable there.

Wages are tied up with prices, and unless you relate the two the whole thing becomes meaningless. You may find, for example, that a labourer in India is paid 1s. a day, and it is clear that if rent, food and other basic services and commodities were priced on the European scale he would swiftly starve to death.

Conversely, a salary of £200 a month paid to an oil-driller in Venezuela might sound highly attractive until you discovered that butter cost 15s. a pound. The ideal is a country in which wages are high and the cost of living relatively moderate. Canada comes very close to that ideal—possibly closer indeed than any other land in the free world.

This is due to the fact that it has a sound, well-based economy which has allowed a real increase in living standards as opposed to an endless succession of price and wage rises—which have occurred in many countries since the war—with prices always ahead in the race.

An examination of what has happened in Canada in this respect during the past ten years is instructive. Taking 1949 as a base year, average weekly earnings for the whole population have gone up nearly 40 per

cent. But in the same period prices of consumer goods have risen by only 24 per cent. As a result it is calculated that everybody—or rather the majority in settled occupations—are 15 per cent better off than they were a decade ago.

In view of the fact that this book has been written partly for British readers who are either thinking of living in Canada or are interested in the Dominion, I gave considerable thought to the problem of whether or not I should convert all wages and prices into sterling. This, however, seemed to me to give the book a much narrower scope than I had originally intended, and I therefore decided that it was better to express the necessary figures in Canadian dollars.

The present rate of exchange is \$2.74 to the £, but I believe that the Englishman who wants to find out how much better or worse off he would be in the Dominion should ignore the official rate and base his calculations on \$3.00 to the £. Apart from the fact that this is a very simple calculation, mathematically it produces a working rule which approximates to the truth.

For example, a skilled carpenter in Montreal earns \$2.00 an hour. At the official exchange rate that is equivalent to around 14s. 6d., which seems extremely high, but if you take the dollar at my arbitrary rate his wage works out at 13s. 6d. an hour, which is still good but allows for the higher cost of certain goods and services.

From this rough-and-ready rule it is possible to calculate what your standard of living would be, subject, however, to certain factors which I shall deal with later in this chapter.

Although the Canadians are one people their country, as I have stressed on numerous occasions, is

divided into many different zones, varying in climate, prosperity, geography and even in the matter of licensing laws. In general terms the farther you go west the more you get paid because the extreme east is the poorest in natural resources and the west the richest. This steady westward increase in living standards is only interrupted by the industrial belt of Ontario, where wage levels rise to a peak, surpassed only in British Columbia.

The lowest weekly pay is to be found in Prince Edward Island, where it averages \$50. Next comes New Brunswick with \$56, followed by Nova Scotia with \$57. On my rate of \$3 to the £ these figures approximate very closely to the average for all workers in Britain during 1958.

From the Maritimes you move to Quebec and a big uplift in pay. There the figure is \$66 and in Ontario it is \$72. In the prairie provinces the rates—although not quite so good—remain high. The average is \$64 in Saskatchewan, \$65 in Manitoba and \$71 in Alberta. Cross the Rockies and you get the biggest figure of \$74 in British Columbia.

Many things, of course, as well as relative prosperity go into these statistics. Seasonal unemployment, which pulls down the over-all average, is least in the manufacturing cities and greatest in the Maritimes—which have a big logging trade—and to quite an extent in the prairies. In some professions the earnings are as high, or higher, in, say, Nova Scotia as they are in Vancouver, while in other trades the unskilled worker in Prince Edward Island would consider himself a near millionaire if he was paid the provincial average of \$50.

Nevertheless this outline of pay rates is a useful

guide, and in recent years, for very obvious reasons, the majority of immigrants have found their way to Ontario, Alberta and British Columbia. They have been reinforced by Canadians who have moved from the Maritimes in search of more profitable work farther west.

From an analysis of pay by localities the next logical step is to see what industries and professions offer the best rewards. High on the list are petroleum and coal with an average of \$103 a week, and bottom, as might be expected, are domestic and other unskilled services where the wage is only \$47.

In between these two extremes are wide variations, and you will find a comprehensive list in Appendix 2 on page 166.

It is the same story with the professions. Here are one or two useful illustrations. A dentist in practice for himself, for example, could expect to earn around \$8,500, a doctor \$12,000 and a lawyer \$12,240.

Down the scale, an elementary school teacher could expect to get between \$1,400 and \$5,500, depending on qualifications, length of service and whether or not he taught in metropolitan areas or country districts.

Similarly, a high-school teacher can obtain from \$2,000 to \$7,500, depending on circumstances, with a national average of around \$4,500.

If you now turn to Appendix 3 on page 167 you will find a list covering monthly salaries of nearly forty types of professional people. You will see that some could earn as much as \$4,800 a year (aeronautical engineers) and that often the lowest figure is \$2,850. Pay rates of this kind may not seem very inspiring, but they are in fact minimum figures representing salaries paid to newly qualified men who have just

entered their professions. Indeed, in many of the occupations listed in this particular appendix, the 'ceiling' for able people can be very high indeed. The two-car family with a good house, a vacation in Florida or the Pacific coast—all are in reach of the competent professional man.

For doctors, lawyers, skilled engineers, geologists, chemists, university dons and a score of others it is commonplace to reach this standard in Canada and the able factory foreman is scarcely worse off.

This high salary level is accompanied by a taxation scale extremely moderate in relation to that of the United Kingdom. A British business man, for example, who is married with two children pays £620 a year in income- and surtax if he is earning £2,500 a year. This is equivalent to 25 per cent of his total receipts.

In Canada a married man with two children earning \$7,500 a year pays around \$800 or just over 10 per cent. For a single man the comparison is even more marked. In Britain the unfortunate fellow who has succeeded in making £2,500 but has failed to marry must pay 30 per cent of his earnings to the State.

As in Britain employers deduct tax from wages and salaries under a kind of 'pay as you earn' system and they also make deductions (usually with the employees' consent) for such things as hospital and medical services and pension funds.

The department of labour gives the following guidance for those who are new to the tax laws of the Dominion:

'Usually when a worker receives his pay by cheque or cash from his employer, the amount he

receives is not the full value of his earnings but is the sum left after certain deductions. These deductions are made by the employer, and thus are said to be made "at source". They represent instalment payments on behalf of income-tax, unemployment insurance, or for hospital and medical insurance, pension plans, union fees or other purposes.

'Only two of the deductions are compulsory for all Canada: the personal income-tax and unemployment insurance payments. Of these the income-tax payment is usually the larger and is discussed below. Other deductions, such as those for union dues or pension plan payments are compulsory only in certain industries or firms. In addition, some types of deductions are on an entirely voluntary basis. For instance, a firm may have a life insurance plan which an employee may join if he wishes; if he joins he will probably instruct the pay office of his firm to make a regular deduction from his pay cheque for this purpose. Deductions from earnings are frequently referred to as "on the check-off". Thus there may be in a firm a check-off plan for the payment of union dues, or a check-off plan for credit union members to make regular deposits by having a deduction made from earnings.

'The new-comer to Canada will be concerned mainly with how to recognize various taxes, and with what to do about tax payments where a decision on his part is involved.

'The three major kinds of taxes affecting individuals in Canada are: the personal income-tax, which is levied by the federal government; sales-taxes on various commodities, which are levied by the federal, provincial or municipal governments;

and a property-tax levied by the municipality on home-owners.

'The personal income-tax is the most important tax affecting the average Canadian. Gross income is not taxed in its entirety in Canada. As at December 6, 1957, the system of exemptions in effect included a basic exemption of \$1,000 for single people and of \$2,000 for married people. Persons over 65 years of age are granted an additional exemption. An exemption of \$250 is allowed for each child eligible for family allowance and of \$500 for each child not eligible for the allowance. Various exemptions are also allowed for dependants other than children. In addition every taxpayer is allowed an exemption of \$100 for medical expenses and charitable donations. If medical expenses exceed \$100 in the year, the taxpayer may claim exemption for medical expenses exceeding 3 per cent of his income, but not exceeding \$1,500 for a single person and \$2,000 for a married person plus \$500 for each dependant.'

Once the citizen knows what he can earn and what he has to pay in tax the next thing to consider is how much he can do with what is left to him—whether in fact it is sufficient to give him the kind of life he wants to live.

From a European point of view prices of goods and services throughout North America seem topsy-turvy. Things that are cheap in Europe are dear in Canada and the States; often machines and equipment which are beyond most people's reach in, say, Central Europe are found in almost every home on the other side of the Atlantic.

I well remember landing in New York for the first time, about twenty years ago, and being shocked to find that a haircut cost the equivalent of about 4s., which was exactly four times the price I had been accustomed to spend in London. The explanation, of course, was that wage levels in North America are on average much higher, and that although this higher payment scale can be offset to some extent (and frequently entirely) by very efficient production methods in the case of factory-made goods anything involving personal service such as haircutting or the serving of food in a restaurant involves a correspondingly high charge.

If you had no opportunity of seeing a list of Canadian prices but knew something about the country's industries and resources you would guess that oil, natural gas, electricity, timber, wheat, farm products and mechanical appliances would probably be cheap. And you would be right. Just look at some of these prices taken not at my arbitrary \$3 rate but at the official rate of \$2.74. In each case I have put the Canadian dollar price first, followed by the sterling equivalent:

	Canada \$	United Kingdom £		
		£	s.	d.
Beef, per pound	0.77	0	5	5
Milk, fresh, per quart	0.23	0	1	9
Butter, first grade, per pound	0.68	0	5	0
Bread, plain white, per pound	0.14	0	1	0
Eggs, grade 'A', per dozen	0.57	0	4	2
Fuel oil, per gallon	0.20	0	1	6
Man's suit, all wool worsted	58.47	21	6	11
Gasoline, grade 2, per gallon	0.44	0	3	3
Coal, anthracite, per ton	28.90	10	10	1
Cigarettes, package of 20	0.35	0	2	8

You will see that these basic things are all moderately priced by British standards except a man's suit, which I take to be of the quality for which one would expect to pay between £12 and £14 in London.

Other things are cheap too. A five-seater 'American' car made in Canada of the mass-produced kind such as a Ford or a Chevrolet will set you back about \$2,750 while smaller European cars which have come into fashion in Canada in the past few years, such as Austins and Volkswagons, sell for considerably less.

A Government investigation into the spending habits of Canadians has shown that the average citizen spends around one-quarter of his income on food and one-sixth on housing, including fuel, light and water. Only 5·6 per cent goes on taxation and the rest is spent on running the car, recreation, clothing and all the hundred and one different things which go to make life livable.

To my mind the Canadian gets the worst value—and bears the highest cost—when it comes to housing. I saw houses for sale in Alberta, Ontario and Saskatchewan at \$12,000 (or £4,000 at my arbitrary rate) that an Englishman at home would have turned up his nose at even if they had been offered for £1,000 less.

True, they had that Canadian essential, central heating, but they were small (often only two bedrooms), poky, badly sited with very, very small gardens utterly undistinguished and so uniform in appearance that one wondered how the owners knew which house was which after dark.

And for business tycoons who wish to spread themselves a bit the larger houses become almost prohibitively expensive with \$60,000 quite a common figure for a 4-5-bedroomed house standing in a decent-sized lot.

Houses are dear because the personal service element comes into the matter in a big way. You can make many of the components of a house in a factory but carpenters, plumbers and bricklayers must be employed on the site. All are well paid and it is right that they should be. But the immigrant who thinks that he is going to get cheap housing in Canada is in for a shock. The average price is a little above the figure I indicated (\$14,163 to be precise), and the majority of houses are bought or constructed by means of loans obtained through banks and other lending institutions, which are guaranteed by the Government-sponsored Central Mortgage & Housing Agency which was set up in recognition of the fact that, in a country growing as fast as Canada, housing is an essential need for which adequate finance must be provided.

Most Canadian home-buyers find between 10 and 30 per cent of the cost of the house in cash and borrow the rest. If one takes the figure I have given of \$14,163 and a loan is obtained of \$10,000, or about 70 per cent, which is fairly typical, the monthly repayments on a twenty-five-year mortgage, including interest and capital, would amount to \$82. You can see that this would reach a total of just under \$1,000 a year, which is not an inconsiderable amount, especially for a newly arrived settler who is trying to build up his resources against the proverbial rainy day.

The typical \$14,000 house would be of the bungalow type, have three bedrooms (one suitable for a small dwarf) and have over-all dimensions of about 35 × 35 feet. It would be situated on a plot of ground with a frontage of 60 feet, would have a basement for the central-heating furnace and would be bought by people who were earning \$5,000 a year more or less.

From this you will gather that to own a rather cramped house of your own you must expend 20 per cent of your income if you happen to be in the \$5,000 a year category, and I would say that this percentage applies throughout the salary scale. As you get better off you raise your sights and pay correspondingly more.

For those who wish to rent apartments in the big cities rather than put up houses, the picture is unpromising. Rents are high, and although figures of 20 to 25 per cent of gross income have been given my feeling is that the new-comer will be lucky to find anything he wants for less than 35 per cent of his salary. These estimates, of course, are for unfurnished flats, but here the universal application of the hire-purchase system helps out. Credit finance, as it is called in Canada, is as highly developed as it is in Britain and even more widely used.

Naturally the interest charges add to the cost of the goods you buy, but for most people the ability to take immediate delivery outweighs this disadvantage. The majority of Canadian credit finance companies charge interest at the rate of about $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent a month, which would appear to increase the price of, say, a bedroom suite by 18 per cent if the loan were to be repaid over a year. In fact, allowance is made for the monthly reductions on the capital sum, and the total interest may come nearer to 10 than 18 per cent.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

The Children

EVERY democracy has become more and more interested in the education of its young people, and Canada is a young people's country. It wants to see that they not only get a good start in life but that the continually increasing demand is met for technicians and engineers and doctors and architects.

Anyone from Britain will find that the Canadian school system is very similar to our own. It is organized in two stages—elementary schools for boys and girls who start at the age of six and then pass into secondary schools or high schools, where they commence work at thirteen or fourteen and continue until they are ready to go to universities.

While the bulk of the schools in Canada are publicly owned and operated, there are over 800 private institutions teaching 115,000 children. Most of these are supported by gifts or legacies or subscriptions from religious organizations, and the majority of them either charge no fees at all or less than \$50 a year.

In addition, there are about a dozen boarding schools run more or less on English lines where the annual charges are \$1,000 or more, but the total number of their students is insignificant in comparison with the enrolment in day schools of all kinds.

It is compulsory for parents to see that their children

are educated to the age of sixteen in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Ontario and Manitoba, to fifteen in Newfoundland, Prince Edward Island, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia and fourteen in Quebec.

In the elementary schools children are usually taught a language (i.e. English or French, depending on whether the province is English- or French-speaking), arithmetic, reading, writing, hygiene, geography, history and physics with handicraft and art.

In Quebec this elementary school phase is carried through eight grades taking seven years, and pupils reach the statutory school-leaving age when they have completed the seven-year course. If they wish to continue and are French-speaking Roman Catholics they go on to a college classique in order to prepare for the universities, or alternatively they may attend special schools which put the emphasis on training for some particular profession.

This is, of course, just a general outline because Canada is so big and its local ways of making a living so varied that the various provincial educational authorities tend to adapt the syllabus of their secondary schools to meet provincial needs.

In the prairies, for example, there are classes in agriculture, while in Ontario there is a natural tendency to concentrate on engineering, science and business. By and large, the education young children get in Canada can compare with that in any other country and, I would say, gives a much better chance for advance instruction to university degree level than comes the way of the average English child, although the latter is probably better educated in the early years.

School-teachers have told me both in Canada and the United States that up to the age of around thirteen

British boys and girls who have newly arrived in North America are approximately a year ahead in basic instruction, but this lead is lost later on and is caused, I suppose, by a better programme for young children and also because the school-starting age is earlier in the United Kingdom.

Where Canada scores is in her determination to see that every boy and girl with average ability and who is keen to do so can go on to higher standards, irrespective of the means of their parents. There are 32 universities proper in the Dominion and no fewer than 250 colleges granting degrees in various subjects.

Obviously if you are going to have such a widespread university and college system the question of money—never far away in human affairs—raises its head. Most parents could not hope to find the fees for three- or four-year courses in which the students do nothing but study except for short, or relatively short, vacations on the English system. Means must therefore be found to enable them to earn money themselves for a long period each year so as to keep down the burden on their parents or the taxpayers.

This is done by adapting the university year to the climate. Courses normally start at the end of September and go on until the beginning of May. During this time students often get odd jobs in the evenings, and directly the long vacation arrives they are off earning money.

They may go to a holiday centre to act as waiters and bell boys in an hotel or they may join a construction gang on a new road, or they may help in a lumber camp in the Maritimes or British Columbia. The summer is the peak employment period in Canada and in normal conditions when trade is brisk and the

country's basic products such as wheat and timber and oil are fetching good prices, there is no trouble at all in absorbing the thousands of students who go job-hunting. Indeed many industries rely on this casual labour, and I have met boys from Oxford and Cambridge who crossed the Atlantic in the long vacation and did very well for themselves and thoroughly enjoyed their work.

Many Canadian universities such as MacGill are extremely large, catering for a student body running into thousands, and in this respect they resemble those in the United States. Others are not so big, but turn out equally qualified men and women who possibly benefit from smaller lecture classes.

One of North America's older universities and one of the finest is New Brunswick which, with 1,500 students, is small by Canadian standards, but is building up such a reputation that girls and boys come to it from places hundreds of miles from its native town of Fredericton.

Since it typifies all that is best in Canadian higher education a short description of this place will save a lot of words on the subject of universities in general. I went over it in the autumn when the students had just come back from their holidays. And a very charming place I found it.

Behind and on both sides of the university are the maple-clad hills sheltering it from the winds of winter, and in the centre of the group of modern buildings is the original eighteenth-century School of Arts whose lecture-room seats have been surreptitiously carved with the names of hundreds of former students going back many generations to the time when they were numbered not in hundreds but in tens.

Around this nucleus has grown up almost a little

township of neo-Georgian buildings fitting in splendidly against the background of the tree-covered slopes.

Wherever you go in Fredericton you hear one name—the name Beaverbrook. The hotel you stay in is the Lord Beaverbrook Hotel, there is a Beaverbrook Street and up at the university there are the buildings he endowed and the Lady Beaverbrook residence for students.

Your taxi-driver will talk about him and the professors of the university and the students themselves. Well they may. For New Brunswick's educational facilities have been transformed by this son of a local manse.

It is more or less typical of the Maritimes that a man like Max Aitken, first Baron Beaverbrook, who was brought up in their tough climate (although in fact he was born in Ontario) should seek his fortune elsewhere and then go back to the land of his childhood and pour out his wealth on the place he loved so well.

Certainly if he had achieved nothing else—and no man would accuse him of that—New Brunswick University would be a permanent memorial to this great man.

In 1950 on the occasion of the 150th anniversary of the granting of the Charter to the University, Lord Beaverbrook had this to say:

‘Our universities are legacies of our British system. These institutions put together fragment by fragment are the source of our strength. They are expressions of tolerance, of our freedom from the violent and defiling prejudices of race, our freedom of expression of faith and our freedom of worship.

‘All these benefits flow from the British political structure, from the British universities and their religious institutions.

'Throughout the centuries Britain has dared her weakness against the embattled strength of dazzling European autocracies. She has fed her poverty over the rich acres beyond the seas. She has sown her children broadcast upon the untested soil.

'This political greatness has been twice tried of late in fire and tempest which have twice been checked.

'Two empires have been built up in critical periods in history.

'The first empire was hewn out as soon as the Parliament in Westminster asserted its independent dignity.

'Jamaica and Pennsylvania were conquered and settled by father and son, a Presbyterian adventurer admiral and his Nonconformist statesman son.

'But the structure was torn apart. The War of Independence of the states of America destroyed our first empire. It was the parliamentary opposition in England that did more to win this American war than many guns. For it was impossible to continue the struggle under Lord North when so many talents were arrayed in opposition against him.

'Out of that evil conflict good measures flowed. This Province of New Brunswick was explored and settled by those Loyalists of New England and the eastern seaboard who were faithful to the British Empire.

'True to the traditions of their ancestors, they joined with the old inhabitants in establishing this centre of learning and leadership, the University of New Brunswick.

'And in the lifetime of this University a generation arose that built a new empire. It was a different

empire from the first. It was an empire of explorers, engineers and adventurers. It was different from the first, yet founded on the same institutions. It was a rule of law, protected by a noble tradition of dis-interest and freedom from corruption, and its benefits were scattered across the earth.

‘Now we are on the eve of the Third Empire. The fertile Parliament of Great Britain has scattered its children over the Commonwealth. That Commonwealth must now stand in strength and glory with responsibility for all our past.

‘It is in the building of our Third Empire that we require of our universities and of the University of New Brunswick, firm will and strength, the power to do and the aim to know.’

Any boy who goes to New Brunswick is assured of absolutely first-rate facilities. There is a library which, I would say, rivals anything of comparable size in the Americas, a fine technical school, a body of keen instructors most of them in early middle age, headed by President Colin Mackay who typifies the new, progressive outlook in Canadian learnings, and comfortable modern residences for both men and women.

A superficial look at this university rather reminds one of an expensive British public school. Money has been no object—everything is of the best—and you might imagine that the youngsters who went there to graduate had well-to-do parents who could afford big fees.

As I have said before, however, that is not at all the Canadian idea. The students often come from some of the poorest families in New Brunswick and the surrounding provinces. All work in their spare time, all

have equal opportunities and every one of them has a millionaire's cheque-book in his pocket.

I talked to an English boy who had won a scholarship at New Brunswick, and he told me that he was having the time of his life. When he arrived he found that there were no class distinctions, no snobbery and a tremendous willingness to make him feel at home.

If he had a week-end off he and his friends hitch-hiked to Montreal or even New York, counting themselves lucky to have a few dollars to spare. And since every motorist in Canada is familiar with the sight of students standing by the highway thumbing lifts, he never had the slightest trouble in getting where he wanted to on the cheap.

It is a free-and-easy life at a Canadian university without petty and troublesome restrictions, but if you think that little work is done you would be wrong. Just as British universities, such as Oxford and Cambridge, are very different places in 1959 as compared with the nineteenth century when young men often frittered their time away for three or four years and regarded their stay in college as nothing more than a pleasant interlude which gave you a certain cachet and social distinction, so Canadian universities are now taken very much as institutions which fit the students to go on to fame and fortune.

Admission to them usually requires the successful completion of five years at a high or secondary school. For a bachelor's degree three to seven years' study is required, depending on the subject the student is taking. For example, it needs an average of three years to get a 'pass' in Arts, four to five years for an engineering degree, four years for agriculture and science and up to seven years for a doctor.

Quite separate from this educational system of primary school, secondary school and university are advanced technical schools which provide courses lasting two to three years. Although they do not grant degrees in such subjects as agriculture, forestry and engineering, these institutions give what are known as 'advanced technical diplomas' to successful pupils, who find them of immense value in getting good jobs quickly.

Separate too is the apprenticeship system for training skilled workers, which is becoming more important to the country as industry expands and the need for expertise grows.

The Department of Citizenship has this to say:

'Many of Canada's skilled workers received their training through apprenticeship, essentially a combination of organized, on-the-job experience and classroom or other organized instruction relating to the trade. Often the apprentice previously attended a vocational high school. By and large, the period of apprenticeship in Canada is four years, although depending on the occupation and the province it may range from two to five years.

'The number of people receiving apprenticeship training in Canada is increasing every year. In April 1953 there was approximately one apprentice for every 37 workers in manufacturing; by April 1955, the number had increased to one in 30.

'In all provinces (except Prince Edward Island which does not have an apprenticeship training program) the occupations for which recognized apprenticeship training facilities exist usually include the skilled construction trades and motor

vehicle mechanics. Carpenters, bricklayers, stone-masons, plasterers, painters, plumbers, electricians and sheetmetal workers are all skilled construction tradesmen. In some provinces, barbers, hairdressers, blacksmiths, welders and tailors are apprenticed. At the end of the apprenticeship period, a certificate of proficiency is usually given to the apprentice by the provincial department of labour.

‘Individual firms may also have private apprenticeship programs not covered by provincial legislation and a large number of apprentices in Canada are learning a trade under these plans. In the skilled printing trades, where there are union shops, apprenticeship is regulated by the trade union in agreement with the employer.

‘In some cities or towns, the skilled journeyman must obtain a licence as well as have his certificate of proficiency in order to practise his trade. Most municipalities require skilled electricians, plumbers, welders and auto mechanics to pass an examination before obtaining a licence to practise.

‘Immigrants to Canada should bring with them documents showing proof of apprenticeship and experience, for these will be of assistance in applying for employment. In order to gain recognition of his qualifications, the immigrant may find it useful to have an interview with an official of the apprenticeship branch of the provincial department of labour of the province in which he will work. Some provincial governments require newcomers to pass a trade test.

‘Additional information on apprenticeship may be obtained by writing to the federal Department of Labour, or to the provincial labour department of any province.’

Appendix 1

OCCUPATIONAL MONOGRAPHS

Detailed information concerning a number of occupations in Canada is contained in a series of monographs entitled *Canadian Occupations*. These are published by the Department of Labour in Ottawa and may be obtained free of charge from the Economics and Research Branch, Department of Labour, Ottawa, Canada, and from Canadian immigration offices abroad, under the titles given below:

- (1) Carpenter
- (2) Bricklayers and Stonemasons
- (3) Plasterer
- (4) Painter
- (5) Plumber, Pipe Fitter and Steam Fitter
- (6) Sheet-Metal Worker
- (7) Electrician
- (8) Machinist and Machine Operators (Metal)
- (9) Printing Trades
- (10) Motor Vehicle Mechanic
- (11) Optometrist
- (12) Social Worker
- (13) Lawyer
- (14) Mining Occupations
- (15) Foundry Workers
- (16) Technical Occupations in Radio and Electronics
- (17) Forge Shop Occupations
- (18) Tool and Die Makers
- (19) Railway Careers

Careers in Natural Science and Engineering (20-35 one booklet):

- (20) Agricultural Scientist
- (21) Architect

- (22) Biologist
- (23) Chemist
- (24) Geologist
- (25) Physicist
- (26) Aeronautical Engineer
- (27) (discontinued)
- (28) Chemical Engineer
- (29) Civil Engineer
- (30) Electrical Engineer
- (31) Forest Engineer and Forest Scientist
- (32) Mechanical Engineer
- (33) Metallurgical Engineer
- (34) Mining Engineer
- (35) Petroleum Engineer
- (36) Hospital Workers (other than Professional)
- (37) Draughtsman
- (38) Welder
- (39) Careers in Home Economics
- (40) Occupations in the Aircraft Manufacturing Industry
- (41) Careers in Construction
- (42) Medical Laboratory Technologist
- (43) Careers in Meteorology

Some provincial government departments also publish information on occupations.

Appendix 2

AVERAGE WEEKLY EARNINGS IN CANADA, BY INDUSTRY, 1 DECEMBER 1957

<i>Industry</i>	<i>Average 1 December 1957</i>
Forestry (chiefly logging)	\$71.58
Mining	86.41
Manufacturing	71.69
Food and beverages	63.55
Tobacco and tobacco products	69.58
Rubber products	73.05
Leather products	48.71
Textile products (except clothing)	57.63
Clothing (textile and fur)	44.63
Wood products	61.87
Paper products	82.76
Printing, publishing and allied industries	75.90
Iron and steel products	79.48
Transportation equipment	81.73
Non-ferrous metal products	82.87
Electrical apparatus and supplies	76.72
Non-metallic mineral products	74.67
Products of petroleum and coal	103.52
Chemical products	81.53
Miscellaneous manufacturing industries	62.39
Construction	74.77
Transportation, storage and communication	73.03
Public utility operation	81.73
Trade	57.28
Finance, insurance and real estate	63.94
Service	47.20
Industrial composite	69.24

Appendix 3

STARTING SALARIES OFFERED BY EMPLOYERS IN CANADA FOR SELECTED PROFESSIONS, FEBRUARY 1957

<i>University Specialization</i>	<i>Monthly Average Salary Offered</i>
Agriculture	\$347
Architecture	350
Arts (general)	246
Bacteriology	280
Biology	310
Chemistry	376
Commerce	320
Commerce (graduate to 'article' for chartered accountant)	216
Education	288
Engineering	377
Aeronautical	401
Agricultural	332
Chemical	383
Civil	369
Electrical	375
Business	378
Physics	381
Forestry	350
Geological	413
Mechanical	375
Metallurgical	380
Mining	394
Petroleum	396
Forestry	355
Geology	391
Home economics	257

<i>University Specialization</i>	<i>Monthly Average Salary Offered</i>
Library science	\$298
Mathematics	324
Pharmacy	338
Physical education	316
Physics	359
Science	333
Social work (female)	290
Social work (male)	300
Therapy (female)	239
Therapy (male)	235